

THE POPES AS PEACEMAKERS

THE Abbé d'Agnelli's work on *Benoit XV. et le Conflit Européen* was published some months back, but we had been keeping back our comments on it in order to associate it for this purpose with the Encyclical that had been expected about this time. Now, however, that, instead of an Encyclical, the Holy Father has preferred to give us the brief letter to the Cardinal Secretary, to which we drew attention last month, we have only to give a warm welcome to the Abbé d'Agnelli's opportune treatise, which provides a comprehensive account of the principles on which the Popes have all along acted in the pursuance of their mission as peacemakers of the nations, and of the fidelity to these principles which the reigning Pontiff has displayed since the terrible responsibility was laid upon his shoulders of dealing with the present unprecedented crisis. The Abbé d'Agnelli's work is in two volumes, of which the first bears the sub-title *À la lumière de l'Évangile*, and the second that of *À la lumière de l'histoire*,¹ his idea being to show in the first place the example set by our Lord Himself to those who should succeed His chief apostle in the exercise of the supreme visible government of His Church, and then to show how the rule and example has been observed by the long line of Pontiffs under the varying conditions of the periods with which they have had to deal; and finally to exhibit Benedict XV., of course with more detail, in his endeavour to carry out this mission under the conditions of the age in which we are living.

The Abbé d'Agnelli takes as his point of departure the incident appertaining to the third day of our Lord's final exhortations to the Jewish nation in their national Temple, when the leaders of the nation, Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians conspired together in an attempt to catch Him in His words, that they might thereby obtain a means of destroying Him. The Pharisees, who were especially noted for their intense dislike for the Roman rule, and the Herodians who, as the partisans of the Herods, were predisposed to accept it, came together to Jesus with the insidious question, Is

¹ Lethielleux, Paris. Price, 7 frs. the two volumes.

it lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar or not? They thought that He must answer either Yes or No. If He answered "Yes," they would represent Him to the people as one who sided with their oppressors, and so destroy His popularity with them, which for the time was the chief impediment in the path of their endeavours to convict Him of some offence. If He answered "No," the Herodians would call the attention of the Roman officials to the case, and these would relieve the Jewish leaders of the burden of destroying Him. But these shrewdly devised plots never had any other success with Jesus save that of affording Him opportunities of enunciating some important truth in a telling form, and so it was on this occasion. Asking for one of the coins in which it was the custom to pay the tribute, he inquired, "Whose image and superscription is this?" They said to Him, "Cæsar's." Then returning the coin He laid down the principle which was to govern His followers through the ages in their attitude respectively to the authority of the State and that of the Church, to the duties of civil life and those of the religious. "Render therefore to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." When we analyze this word of Divine wisdom we get out of it this truth. By accepting the use of a coin that bore Cæsar's image and superscription those Jews gave practical acknowledgment that he was at least their *de facto* ruler; let them therefore pay to him the tribute without the exaction of which he could not carry on the administration of their country; at the same time let them not trouble Jesus with their political controversies over questions that belonged to the sphere of their purely temporal interests; rather let them show a genuine solicitude for the far more essential question of the rights of God over them, and of the duties which that relationship imposed upon their consciences. Above all let them overcome the false bias to which their passions and prejudices were impelling them, and in the spirit of true candour give heed to the claims of the Messiah which He was now setting before them, recommended by the three-fold appeal to the prophecies contained in their sacred books, the miracles which compelled recognition from the single-minded in their midst, and the words of wisdom and goodness which His lips were daily uttering and His deeds confirming.

This is the meaning and significance of the incident, but it is instructive to consider in the light of it the method adopted by our Lord during the time of His earthly ministry.

Party strife was active among the sections of the people in the midst of whom He was living; Jews, Romans, Herodians and others were in fierce conflict with one another over just such questions as those brought before Him during those days of His last visits to the Temple. And their persistency in challenging Him to pronounce upon them was conspicuous. But if it was the Divine purpose that the world of the future should be ruled by two powers, the spiritual and the civil, it was obviously desirable that those who had charge of the spiritual government should be chary of intervening in the affairs that appertained to the sphere of the civil power. And we must remember that our Lord in His personal dealing with these matters was considering not so much what was becoming in Himself personally but what were the rules of conduct He desired to bequeath to those whom He was appointing to carry on after His ascension the visible government of His Church, especially therefore the rules which He desired should guide those called upon in their respective ages to exercise the office of His Apostle Peter. Let these in conformity with his example devote their chief cares to the maintenance of the spiritual interests of those called into the communion of the Catholic Church, and restrain themselves from too great concern about purely temporal affairs.

To this counsel, speaking generally, the Popes have adhered. It cannot indeed be denied that some from among their number have failed in this respect, seeking to carve out temporal kingdoms for their near relatives, or to increase their worldly possessions beyond what could in any sense be regarded as needed for the due administration of their spiritual kingdom. On the whole, however, as the Abbé d'Agnelli points out in more than one place in the volume before us, they have been faithful to the rule imposed upon them, and it has been made clear that in pursuing this course they have best consulted the aims of their world-wide mission, by causing the sovereigns and guardians of temporal States, and likewise the populations belonging to these States, to repose a confidence in them which has made them the more ready to accept their intervention in times of need. For our Lord in thus defining the limits between the spheres of temporal and of spiritual government cannot be understood to have meant that there would never be exceptional cases when it would be the duty of the spiritual government to intervene in questions that in some way belonged to the domain of the

State. There is the not infrequent case when the adoption of governmental measures for the securing some temporal end has at the same time spiritual aspects involved, inasmuch as the particular measure which considered in the abstract might be conducive to the temporal order, for instance to the simpler policing of the State, could not but have the concomitant effect of impeding the exercise of some religious right or duty. At such times perverse-minded sovereigns or temporal rulers are predisposed to rely on the false maxim that might is right and to enforce their temporal measure with indifference to its disastrous spiritual effects. On the other hand it is clearly more becoming that in these cases of clash between the two the temporal interests should be sacrificed to the spiritual, and where that is done experience shows that in the long run even the temporal order benefits more than it would otherwise have done, at all events by the better and more conscientious spirit which it preserves among the people. The Holy See, however, is not wont to show itself callous, even in such cases of conflict, about the exigencies of temporal prosperity in a kingdom. Its method is to invite friendly discussion and council between itself and the rulers of the kingdom affected; and in nine cases out of ten the result of such cordial deliberation is that some expedient is discoverable whereby the spiritual and the temporal exigencies can be brought into accord, probably to the intrinsic amelioration of both. This in fact is the principle upon which rests the method of Concordats, which on the whole have been of the greatest service in securing the accord and friendly co-operation of Popes and Kings.

To this same heading of the interaction of moral or spiritual with temporal interests, real or imagined, is reducible the case of wars and conflicts between sovereigns and their people, or between one sovereign and another. An unjust war is a terrible offence against the moral order; it comes therefore well within the sphere of the spiritual government to decide whether war, civil or national, that has arisen or is likely to arise is necessary for the defence of sufficiently important interests and as such justifiable, or undertaken in the interests of purely worldly ambitions to the injury of others and as such condemnable. Subordinate questions, too, such as regard the method of carrying on a war, even if it be in itself just, come under the same heading of offences against the moral order, and entitle the Popes to sit in judgment upon

them, and, if deemed to be advisable, to visit those guilty of the offences with suitable punishments. And Abbé d'Agnelli, in his historical retrospect, brings forward many historical instances when the Holy See has used that power, and with effect.

The essential feature in all such cases of Papal intervention is that the title in virtue of which the Popes intervened was inherent in their office as the supreme guardians of the religious and moral order; and was recognized as being such by populations instinct with Catholic faith. Another class of cases, in which the Popes showed a greater readiness to intervene, was that in which beyond the title for intervention which belonged to their office, was one resulting from acts of donation, by which sovereigns or peoples had placed their kingdoms in feudal subjection to the Holy See; but in these cases also the exercise by the Popes of their rights as overlords was, with rare exceptions, in defence of the people governed. It is a matter of common knowledge that in the period of the Middle Ages several countries stood in this relationship to the Popes. Thus Abbé d'Agnelli writes: "To assure to their successors his [the Pope's] useful mediation a great number of sovereigns became his feudatories, indeed to such an extent that by the thirteenth century the Sovereign Pontiff had acquired so many and such vast fiefs that he seemed to be the suzerain of the whole earth, the Lord of Lords in the feudal sense of the term." He mentions some instances. By the middle of the ninth century our King Ethelwolf, having united under his rule the seven Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, went on pilgrimage to Rome, and there made his States tributary to the Popes. In 1059 the two Norman chiefs who had made themselves masters of Southern Italy, Richard and Robert Guiscard, made themselves vassals of Pope Nicholas II., the former for the Principedom of Capua, the latter for the Duchies of Apulia and Calabria, as well as for Sicilia, which had been in part captured from the Saracens. Gregory VII., in his *Regesta*, in a letter addressed to "the Kings, Counts and Princes of Spain," exhorts them to be more faithful in fulfilling their duties, reminding them that by its ancient constitutions Spain belonged in a special manner to the Roman Church; and the same Pope claims confidently the rights of the Holy See over the Kingdom of Hungary, which had been given by its King, Stephen I., to the See of Peter. In the twelfth century

Alphonsus Henriquez, the founder of the Kingdom of Portugal, did homage for his States to the Vicar of Christ, counting on obtaining in his quality as soldier of the Pope the protection and aid of the Apostolic See for his person and territories. Honorius III. forbids under pain of anathema anyone to assail the rights of the King of Denmark or his heirs, declaring, in his letter of Nov. 16, 1220, that he is the more bound to protect the Danish Kingdom, inasmuch as this Kingdom belongs in a special way to the jurisdiction of the Roman Church as its tributary. And we all know the story of King John making his Kingdom tributary to the Holy See under Innocent III. But if there were occasions in the Middle Ages when the Popes did not hesitate to speak sternly to sovereigns who were offending against the sacred principles of justice and humanity, we must not fail to notice that at all times they showed themselves chary of resorting to extreme measures to restrain them. "When we follow," says Abbé d'Agnelli, "the phases of the conflicts on behalf of right and justice in which [the Popes] engaged against the Emperors of Germany and the Kings of France and England, we are filled with surprise at the extreme slowness with which they passed from threats to acts. They did not decide to cast an interdict upon a kingdom or to excommunicate a monarch until all kinds of direct and indirect steps had first been taken, steps which lasted for months, and sometimes for years." If we reflect on the difficulty there has always been in bringing into exercise a force which, though tremendous in its strength, is of the religious order and feebly supported by material aids, we realize at once why Popes, even in those days of widespread faith, were thus cautious in their procedure. And if then, still more must they be chary of resorting to spiritual weapons in an age like our own, when faith has so largely died out and unity of belief is quite extinct in all but a few specially favoured regions on the earth. In the present war only the Austrian Emperor and the King of the Belgians can be regarded as fully Catholic sovereigns, and even if all their subjects were homogeneous in their attitude towards Catholicism, one can understand how impossible it would have been for the Pope to try and bind one of them, for instance, the Austrian Emperor, by religious ties to which the other sovereigns, his allies, could not be expected to pay attention. It will be said by many of the critics of the Pope, who have

expressed themselves scandalized at his silence in face of the atrocities committed by the German troops in Belgium and elsewhere, that they do not expect the Pope to resort to excommunications, but that at least he might have expressed his indignation at the procedure of these transgressors against the clearest rules of civilized warfare. Here, however, the Pope's own justification of his abstention from such measures comes in with effect. In one of his letters the Holy Father explained his method thus, that he had furnished the major premise of the necessary syllogism by laying down the principles of justice and humanity in regard to the treatment of occupied countries, and that it was for the belligerent powers to furnish the relevant minor premises. This has been scouted as an evasion, but it is really a very solid and useful position for a Pope, in the midst of such a war as this, to take up. True it falls short of an act of Papal sentence on the offenders, a thing which, as Benedict XV. has said more than once, could not be becomingly pronounced even on a Catholic sovereign unless preceded by an adequate official inquiry into the facts, such as during the continuance of hostilities is quite impracticable; moreover, as again he has noted, if undertaken at all would have had to embrace impartially all the charges made on either side against the rulers of the side opposed to them; in other words, those made against the rulers of Russia in regard to their treatment of the Uniats in Galicia, as well as those made against the German Emperor in regard to his treatment of the Belgians and the Poles, or against the Austrian rulers in regard to their treatment of the Serbs and Montenegrins, and the Sultan in regard to his treatment of the Armenians.

But behind all these relevant points is a still more essential point to which we have several times already called attention in this periodical. To this Abbé d'Agnelli calls attention in the following words:

By condemning formally the rulers on either side the Sovereign Pontiff would have irritated all the world against him, and would in the long run have drawn down upon himself universal enmities. . . . Let us not forget that Benedict XV. from the time of his election has with his entire heart devoted himself by vow to a task which he is better able to fulfil than any other prince, yet only on the express condition that he maintains a good understanding with the governments of the belligerent nations. This eminently apostolic mission consists in mitigating

as far as possible the mournful consequences of the war. The liberation and exchange of prisoners and so many other benefits for which we are indebted to the Pontifical charity—how could they have been realized if the Pope, yielding to a movement of indignation, had condemned the Kaiser, our enemy, or the Tsar, our ally?

Let us not deceive ourselves. A rupture of diplomatic relations on the part of the Holy See with any one of the belligerent powers would have sufficed to prevent the Vicar of Christ from continuing to exercise his beneficent action on behalf of the victims of the war as usefully as he has been enabled to exercise it up to the present, thanks to his zeal which has been always on the alert, thanks also to his clear-sighted grasp of his mission, of the opportunities and of the means by which he is called under God to fulfil it for the good of men. Moreover, by thus using with extreme patience only his moral authority during the hostilities, Benedict XV. is reserving it to qualify himself for a more efficacious employment of it when the general discussion of the conditions of peace comes on.

Surely these are considerations which should move not only Catholics but even those of our fellow-countrymen who, in other respects, are the least inclined to think well of the earthly Head of the Catholic Church. The Abbé d'Agnelli devotes a chapter which is well worth reading to the various projects which the Pope has succeeded in getting the opposed powers to accept for the relief of some classes of the sufferers from the war. If he could have done still more, he has shown us that he had the will, but what he has succeeded in doing is of substantial value. We have not space to enumerate the details here, but some of them are well known and we trust sufficiently adverted to by our readers, who should further point out to their non-Catholic friends how the Pope, in securing these benefits for the sufferers of either side, has made no stipulations or suggestions that any account should be taken of their religious beliefs, which means that those non-Catholics who have had the consolation of seeing their sons or husbands rescued from German prisons and restored to their homes, or the consolation of being enabled to visit them in their secure shelters in Switzerland, owe this consolation to the Pope, who alone had the will and the influence to obtain it for them.

And here we may becomingly quote a passage from an article in a Milan paper written by its Rome correspondent, Ernesto Vergesi, for transcribing which we owe a debt of

gratitude to *The Tablet* (for April 14). Signor Vergesi is able to testify that English diplomatists have the same appreciation of the services rendered to our army by the considerate zeal of the Holy Father which we have been endeavouring to emphasize in this and previous articles.

After dismissing the question whether the German authorities have kept their promises to the Holy Father with regard to the relinquishment of their Belgian deportations, as one which was irrelevant to the question of the Pope's endeavours to obtain this object, Signor Vergesi has the following words:

For my part I am more concerned to rise to a broader and more general question, which has been suggested to me by a conversation I had with an eminent English diplomatist who was passing through Rome. I am not authorised to mention his name, but the words of the illustrious person with whom I had this talk have a value of their own, and I set them forth without further preliminary. The discourse touched on the highly humanitarian influence exercised by the Holy Father throughout the war. This is more and more appreciated on the banks of the Thames, even in circles estranged from Catholicism. The humanitarianism of King Alfonso XIII. is lauded to the skies, homage is paid to the Americans who have provided for the re-victualling of Belgium and of the invaded French provinces. But, without doing injustice to any others, the services rendered to humanity by the Pope, while the storm is growing more fierce, do not admit of any comparison. It would be necessary to set them forth in some White Book or Red Book in order to show what the Vatican has done in this stormy period.

I ventured to interrupt my interlocutor. "Is it true," I asked, "that in England also it was pretended that the Pope might have raised his voice more strongly against the methods of warfare used by the Central Powers?" "At the beginning of the European conflict," he answered, "we also echoed the laments raised on the banks of the Seine, for reasons whose motives not always elevated we are now better able to appreciate. But time and the facts have shown that the way taken by the Holy See was the best, not only from the point of view of the Vatican but in the interest of the Entente itself. Let us say first of all that everything that ought to be condemned has been condemned. No one has raised his voice for Belgium or for Poland as the Holy Father has done. No one has laboured so efficaciously, against the aerial bombardment of open cities as Benedict XV. I know indeed that some would have wished to have the condemnation pitched in a higher note, putting their trust in a clamorous rupture of the Vatican with the Central Powers. But let us follow them on the ground they have chosen. If the

Vatican had borne itself in this way, how would it have been able to render to the Entente, and to other groups of belligerents, the signal services which it has rendered? We have had, through the intervention of the Pope, capital penalties suspended, deliverance from prison and from exile, news of prisoners of war, the alleviation of their sufferings in more hospitable lands. If the Pope had betaken himself to methods of intimidation and broken with the Central Empires, who could have supplied his place in his highly humanitarian labours? . . . We Englishmen bow to facts. At the outset we might make ourselves the echo of complaints that had no justification; but as the result of the facts we have corrected our way of seeing things. We have been able to assure ourselves that the intervention of the Pope has often helped us both beyond the Rhine and in Turkey; and we have paid our tribute of admiration to the internationalism of the Catholic Church, which has made possible this universal apostolate of the common Head of all the faithful. You will find this admiration also among members of the Anglican Church who judge the matter with calmness and serenity."

The diplomatist in question then called Signor Vergesi's attention to the number of individual cases of persons who had interested the Holy See in the sufferings of their relatives held in captivity in Germany, and had reason to thank it for the efficacy of its intervention on their behalf. After which he concluded his observations in the following terms:

We in England are grateful to the Vatican for all that it has done for poor suffering humanity; and our soldiers at the front, who are able to bear witness to many of these facts, are full of admiration not only for the person but for the idea. The fair cathedrals of France have revealed the grandeur of the Catholic Church to many who had never travelled before, while the humanitarianism of the common Father of all the faithful has brought out prominently the unique instance in history of a religious head who even in the hour of tempest flings his mantle over all who suffer from sea to sea. Such a fact should surely be set in bold relief.

Besides the two classes of Papal interventions in the troubles of the nations during the long period of its history, that have already been noted, a third class, which is perhaps the most numerous of all, and of which an ample account is to be found in Abbé d'Agnelli's book, consists of those in which the Popes have intervened as arbitrators to settle disputes that had arisen between kings or peoples who had invited this service or were prepared to accept it, in the full

consciousness that the Popes were in the position of Fathers towards the populations on all sides and could be trusted to do justice to their true interests with an impartiality and insight not otherwise obtainable on earth. In this capacity the present holder of the Pontifical power would have been most anxious to intervene, and could have intervened with the best results to the whole of Christendom, had there been that unity of faith and respect for his authority which was all-pervading in the Middle Ages but is so conspicuous by its absence in our own less fortunate days. But the mere mention of this aspect of the subject suggests that we should reflect on the fearful injury that was done to the world when a few decades back Leo XIII.'s desire to have his part in the Hague Conference was, though so much in keeping with the office and tradition of the Papacy, rudely repulsed by the anti-clerical forces that then prevailed in the courts of Europe. We are, in fact, during the present war, reaping the fruits of that unfortunate blunder. The Hague Conferences had for their object to lessen the danger of wars breaking out suddenly and unexpectedly, or at least to mitigate their horrors, if it should prove impossible to stay them altogether. Certain rules were elaborated and discussed, and the Powers, greater or lesser, which took part in the Conferences, affixed their signatures to these rules after passing them, thereby signifying their intention both to keep them themselves when occasion should arise, and to combine with one another to enforce their observances on any signatory that should prove itself refractory. Agreement could not be reached as to the lengths to which the co-operating Powers would go in thus guaranteeing the faithful observance of the rules, and to this extent these were left without a sufficient sanction to secure the good objects in view. And it is just this that has caused them to be broken with impunity, at all events by one side of the belligerents, during the present war. When it broke out none of the neutral countries were prepared to intervene so far as to insist on their observance, and though we ourselves and our allies have striven to observe them in our own conduct of the war, our foes, except that they have sometimes cited them when they thought they could fix any act in disregard of them on us, have consistently and unblushingly disregarded them all, in their place substituting those methods of savagery which have imparted to this war its peculiar character of bitterness, and by so doing have placed the chief

impediment in the way of all schemes for reconciliation. But had the Popes been accorded their natural place in conferences the object of which was to promote the self-same ends as the Holy See has for ages past been striving to promote, a fair prospect of success might have rewarded their efforts. For consider what in that case would have been the position of the Pope in regard to the carrying out of that merciful task of mitigating the cruelties of the war to which, as we have seen, he has devoted himself in a very special manner from the hour of his accession, and for which he has, in spite of the limitations under which he has had to work, already done so much. The neutral Powers might in that case have rallied round him, glad thus peacefully to prosecute the objects to which they had pledged themselves at the Hague Conferences. But even if these had elected to stand off, as they have done, at least the Holy Father himself, in virtue of the recognized status he would have then enjoyed, would have been enabled far more effectually than is possible to him at present to utilize the enormous moral resources which attach to his spiritual office. For not only is he one to whom instinctively the whole world looks up with veneration, in the belief that his moral influence if thrown into the scale on the side of their interests would be of immense avail, as was shown by the universal endeavour of the conflicting States to enlist his sympathies in their favour at the beginning of the war. He is also one whose impartiality is conspicuously attested by the even-handed solicitude he has displayed to do his best for the sufferers on either side; and, indeed, is still more intimately attested by the conviction among the Catholics who are distributed throughout the ranks of all the populations at war with one another, that he is their common Father in whose affectionate interest in them all, and earnest desire to reconcile them all and unite them all again as in the past, they repose implicit trust—a conviction too which, if it is innate in the Catholics, is, if in a less degree, far from being unshared by their many fellow-countrymen who mix with them and admire their widespread religious unity. Then again, be it noted, that for the Pope to be recognized as the chief guardian of the Hague Resolutions would mean not only that he could appeal to the text of the resolutions and the sanctions they have received from the signatures attached to them, but that he is one who has qualifications for this office which far excel those of any other

authority on earth, inasmuch as the tradition of the ages has accustomed the Pope to speak frankly and firmly to the rulers of States and has accustomed them in their turn to take free speaking of this kind from him as the supreme spiritual ruler on earth, which they would take from the lips of no one else. And still further it has to be borne in mind that for the Pope to assume this office of guardian of the Hague Resolutions means he would have at his services in prosecuting these objects the whole spiritual organization and influence of the Catholic Church. In the first rank he would have as his representatives his legates or nuncios in each belligerent court, men trained in the best school in the world for a mode of diplomacy the chief characteristic of which is to enable its officials to negotiate with sovereigns and statesmen for the clearing up of misconceptions and removal of grievances. But next to these and in intimate relation with them would be the prelates of the respective countries and their local advisers, a body of men in whom would be united a predisposition in favour of their respective countries which would not permit them to see their true interests sacrificed, but tempered by a deep attachment to the principles of the Christian religion which embrace all nations in the folds of their charity and cannot tolerate departures from the precepts of Christian lenity which the Church has done so much to infuse into the consciences of the nations. All these forces would be working together under the control of the Holy Father, and not only working together but in touch with one another, through the intermediation of their chief, who would have his means of getting into touch with all the States at war.

If we reflect on these points we shall see at once how much that has made this war beyond measure distressing might have been avoided had the Popes been accorded their rightful place in the Hague Conferences.

And the same reasoning needs to be applied to the future conferences, if such there are to be, which, when at last the war is over, will have to settle the terms of peace, and lay the foundations of the international life that is to follow. One can foresee that as this time approaches the enemies of the Holy See, who are also the enemies of Christian religion and morality in all its forms, will strive their utmost to exclude the Pope once more from any place in the deliberations. Indeed, the Rationalistic Press Association has already begun to move in this direction, and has secured letters

of agreement from a class of men whose names are by-words as leaders of the forces of anarchy and irreligion as well as of religious persecution throughout Europe. It may be that these people will succeed in making their will prevail. On whether they do or not it depends whether the sequel to the war will be an enduring period of general peace and liberty and social harmony, or a period of general misery, when no man will be able to call his soul his own.

S. F. S.

THE TEMPLE OF PEACE

(*Vers libre.*)

MASSIVE and white under the moon
 The temple stood;
 Each mighty pillar immovable and unmoved
 By a thousand earthquakes,
 Proof against hail and wind,
 Smooth, dazzling, new,
 As the day when it first arose
 At the word of the father of gods.
 The Temple of Peace men called it
 And said:
 It shall endure for ever;
 Has not Apollo declared
 It shall endure for ever,
 Until a man-child be born of a maid?
 They cut their boast in the stone
 Of the portal.

One silent, starlit night,
 With no foreboding sound
 Of earthquake or storm,
 The pillars snapped and fell,
 Crashed to earth and were laid in ruins,
 By an unseen power
 More great than all the gods of Olympus.
 Old Rome that night had ended
 And New Rome begun, whose walls
 Are built round the edge of the world.

ALEC W. G. RANDALL.

SCHOOLDAYS AT LIMERICK

WHILE rummaging lately through a tray full of books outside a second-hand book shop I lighted on an old acquaintance.

Cordery's Colloquies—the date of my copy is 1793—was dying out sixty years ago, when I first went to school. And it was its connection with that first school of mine which set in motion many chords of memory hitherto somewhat dormant. Let me jot down a few recollections of those days.

I was born in a seaport town where my father held a good position in the mercantile world, and was an only son. Up to the age of, I should now think, eight or nine I had got no instruction beyond the slight teaching afforded by my nurse. That did not go beyond words of two syllables. So that when it was decided that I should be sent to school the soil was almost virgin.

In the street in which we lived a school was kept by a Mr. Hatherton, and this was chosen for my *début*, and thither I was conducted by my mother one morning, somewhat alarmed I must say.

Hatherton's school was, if I may use the term, epicene, inasmuch as Mr. Hatherton conducted a boys' school on the upper floor, while girls were in charge of Mrs. Hatherton and her two daughters on the floor underneath. The ground floor was sacred to the cultivation of music, of a sort.

On our arrival we were ushered into the presence of Mrs. Hatherton in the music-room, where a little girl in a pig-tail was practising her scales on a piano which seemed to me to emit groans of protest at the ill-treatment which it was receiving, and tending towards a condition in which even its plaints would not be possible.

The fair performer was dismissed for the time, and Mrs. Hatherton was informed of the object of our visit. She was an old lady with spectacles, though why she wore them I could never understand. They generally occupied a position low down on her nose, and if they were pushed up when on the point of falling off Mrs. Hatherton had to make somewhat violent efforts to look over them. Meanwhile the sliding-down process went on again, till she could soon see comfortably.

She asked if I was intended for the boys' school, or did my mother desire that I should join the girls for, say, a year. The decision was left to myself. I must truthfully say that my private opinion was that I should have an easier time with the girls. But the recollection of a certain Tom Fairbrother came into my mind. This unfortunate youth, who might now be twelve or thirteen years old, had, on coming to this same school for the first time, been asked the fatal question. He had fatuously chosen the distaff side of the establishment. He was ever afterwards known as "Mary Ann."

I was therefore conducted upstairs and brought into Mr. Hatherton's presence. I already knew him by sight, but had never had the privilege of his personal acquaintance.

He was a very tall, lanky old gentleman, almost quite bald, with the most pendulous lower lip I ever saw in my life. But the most astonishing point about him was the attitude he assumed when standing. He leaned forward in a way most alarming to a stranger. So much so, that anyone standing in front of him for the first time involuntarily made ready to prevent him from toppling over. But such solicitude was quite needless. He was perfectly safe. I knew nothing at the time of the centre of gravity, or else I should have been puzzled to locate it.

Some time previous to this I had been taken to see a Christy Minstrel entertainment. One of the funny men of the company made what is called a "stump speech." He leaned forward quite like Mr. Hatherton. But in the minstrel's case I found out that he was assisted by a pair of boots with enormously long wooden soles. Mr. Hatherton had no such extraneous help, yet his angle of inclination was much more acute. He was an animated leaning-tower of Pisa.

I was permitted to leave school the first day after having got a list of the books which Mr. Hatherton said I needed. They were only two; a spelling-book—Carpenter's, I think—and a small reading-book, known as the "sequel," to what I never knew.

The school hours were from ten to three, with an interval of half an hour for play and lunch, which we brought with us, and which was eaten in the "garden" (an euphemism for a small yard with a sickly tree in a tub) in fine weather, in the schoolroom in wet. And, apropos of lunch, a very peculiar, and as far as I know, unique performance took place

in the school. It was brought under my notice on the first whole day of my scholastic course.

Among the pupils was a very pale-faced, melancholy-looking boy named James MacDonald. His father kept a stationer's shop in the market-place, and James was a general favourite in the school on account of the supply of lead-pencils which he possessed. He brought the few books which he required and his lunch in a enormous green-baize bag.

On the day in question we were waiting for school to begin. Mr. Hatherton was mending his quills, which was always his first task of a morning, when James entered with the bag. Mr. Hatherton immediately accosted him.

"James, have you brought the hot bread?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then bring it hither in order that I may cut it."

James then produced from the bag a paper of toasted bread which he handed to Mr. Hatherton. The latter with his pen-knife cut off a portion which he laid on his desk, and handed the remainder to James.

He then addressed the school generally:

"Such boys as have brought fruit will bring it hither in order that I may cut it."

A few boys then came forward with apples, and these shared the fate of the toast. This ceremony went on every morning without the slightest variation.

I think I must have got on pretty well during the first year, for at the beginning of the second I was promoted from the lowest class, which was in charge of a monitor, and came into direct touch with Mr. Hatherton.

He took the small boys the first thing in the morning, and put them through their arithmetic—at that time long division—and reading. We had abandoned the "sequel," and were now reading the "second book." This contained some illustrated examples of poetry. One, I remember, was a great favourite. It was the history of "Tommy and Harry." The author informed us that these young gentlemen were "fighting for flies, when Tommy gave Harry a pair of black eyes." The illustration showed the two youths in the act of sparring. Harry did not seem to give in at once, for he is pictured with a pair of eyes of inky hue, even at that stage of the battle. At the end of the immense apartment in which the combat is proceeding, is what might be a parrot's cage, and, evidently escaping from it in the confusion, are seen on the

horizon three huge winged animals, presumably the flies in question. I thought at the time that both victor and vanquished were to be congratulated on having got rid of such dangerous pets. The history ended by Tommy asking Harry if he "would fight any more?" Whereupon Harry declined, on the plea that "his eyes were too sore." There was no moral drawn. No hint in the vein of good Dr. Watts as to the iniquity of quarrelling. It was simply war in all its naked brutality.

After finishing with the smaller boys, Mr. Hatherton took the Latin class, and his manner of summoning its members caused me, at first, much mystification. The class-book which they used was the time-honoured *Cordery's Colloquies* which I mentioned at the beginning of these notes. Mr. Hatherton, no doubt, had his own idiosyncrasies of pronunciation, and when he called out: "Now, all the boys in Corduroy, come forward," I was quite puzzled as to what was about to happen. My only previous knowledge of corduroy was that it was a strong, coarse material for trousers, much in favour with the workmen in my father's corn store.

Some ten or twelve of the elder boys immediately stood up and approached the master's desk. In front of it there was, on the floor, a semicircle marked in chalk, and standing round this was known as "toeing the line." My wonder abated when I saw their text-book.

The leading boy in the school was Bill Robinson. I looked on him with awful deference. He was quite old, fully fourteen I should say. He wore, out of school, a blue cloth cap with a glazed peak, and brass buttons with anchors. When he wore this cap sideways, as he often did, with the peak over his ear, it gave him quite a dare-devil appearance. There were sometimes round his mouth traces of what I, at first, took to be liquorice; but James MacDonald told me, with boastful knowledge, that Bill chewed tobacco.

There was in the town a place known as "The Dockyard," in reality a small shipbuilders' yard, and this was owned by Robinson's father and a Mr. Taverner. I have often thought since that some error in nomenclature had occurred in the case of Mr. Taverner of the Dockyard and Mr. Davits who kept the "Black Swan" inn just outside its gate.

Bill Robinson was far and away the most important personage in the school. Even in the presence of Mr. Hatherton he conducted himself with an amount of *aplomb* that simply

staggered me. He would saunter into the room, with his hands in his pockets, in defiance of one of the most stringent rules of the establishment. But I think the climax of his audacity, to my mind, was reached the first time I heard him allude to Mr. Hatherton as "old Hat."

The Dockyard was a favourite resort of all the boys living near, of whom I was one. But, of course, entrance thereto was not free, and this was another cause of Robinson's great position, as he could invite whom he willed.

One of the great treats of the Dockyard was the acquisition of a bit of pitch. Of what use it was to us I do not know, but it possessed some fascination. Robinson told us that it was extensively used by pirate captains as a "pitch-plaster," to keep the mouths of their prisoners closed. They were thus prevented from shouting, but, of course, could breathe through the nose. At what stage of their captivity it was removed—if at all—did not appear in the narration. We never asked. We were not hypercritical.

An old man in a shaggy suit of pilot-cloth was a never-tiring frequenter of the Dockyard. This was Captain Farmer. He had, at one time and for many years, commanded a ship called the *Sarah Black*, long since gone to the limbo of condemned transports. He was a silly looking old man, and would sit for hours on a bollard smoking his pipe. But of him Robinson had a nerve-racking story to relate.

It seemed that on one of the many voyages of Captain Farmer in the *Sarah Black*—she was in the timber trade—they were driven out of their course by the most awful tempest that either the Captain or any of his crew had ever experienced, and the time came when even the slender allowance of rations to which they were reduced failed. Someone must die. The lot fell on the cabin boy. No particulars were ever forthcoming as to the precise mode of the wretched youth's sacrifice. But the story always ended up with: "And Dan Farmer said that the tastiest bit he had ever eaten was the heart of the cabin boy."

It was hard to associate the old man, as I knew him, with such a tragedy, but our horror of him was, of course, accentuated by the final words of the appalling story. It was bad enough to have partaken of the diabolical feast, but to have chosen such an occasion to even hint at the excellence of the "plat" was evidence of a heathenish callousness.

On two days of the week a French class was held in the school. The teacher was a genuine Frenchman, a Monsieur Dewmelang, as he was universally called. I suppose his name was really Du Moulin. He was a weazened little man with skin almost yellow in hue. This colour, Robinson gave us to understand, was due to his having been brought up exclusively on a diet of frogs, as was the case with all Frenchmen. He wore a very tall hat, rather the worse for wear, and a very short blue cloak fastened at the neck by a brass chain. In summer he affected white duck trousers.

I was acquainted with Monsieur Dewmelang long before going to school. My father had once received a business communication from a French merchant (of Toulon, I think), and as it was couched in the language of the writer, the opening of it did not make it less of a sealed document. French corresponding clerks were rare birds in a country commercial town in the fifties, and so the aid of Monsieur Dewmelang was invoked. He was in a state of immense delight, and translated the letter with many protestations of his pleasure at helping to bring the commercial interests of his native country into touch with those of his adopted home. He absolutely refused any monetary remuneration for his services, and so it became my father's custom always to send a Christmas present to the little Frenchman.

After that Monsieur Dewmelang took quite a personal interest in our concerns, and often called to tell my father of the prospects of the crops in France, as he gathered them from the French papers which he received at long intervals. As the papers were from Bordeaux, and were chiefly interested in the wine trade, the information must have been of supreme importance to a corn merchant. In fact, the poor little old gentleman quite looked on himself as holding a kind of brevet rank in my father's office.

The leading school in the town was that of the Reverend Mr. Hogg. I think it was a kind of endowed school. It was known as "Weldon's." Mr. Hogg was, to my mind, in those days, a very awe-inspiring personage. He wore a white neckcloth, which was, indeed, a kind of scaffolding for a tremendous collar, the points of which converged about the centre of his cheeks. I always thought he must have lived in a state of anguish from the tightness of this structure. His eyes were quite bulging out of his head, and one could never imagine him in the act of stooping. He was known to us as "Buster."

It was a great sight to see him on Sunday convoying some twelve or fourteen young gentlemen in tall hats to the Parish Church. These were the boarders. Miss Hogg accompanied the procession, leaning on the arm of her reverend father. She was the embodiment of mature virginal prudery, in smoked glasses, and one could hardly conceive her as giving even a thought to the ruder opposite sex. But Robinson said she was a "terror," and that even old Dan Farmer, who was a bachelor, thought himself safe from her only in the Dock-yard. Of course she could not have heard of the "cabin-boy" episode.

What there could have been in common with poor Mr. Hatherton and the Reverend Mr. Hogg I cannot imagine. Great, then, was our surprise when the latter walked into our schoolroom one day. His visit was a short one. He stood by one of the windows for perhaps five minutes talking to Mr. Hatherton. As I was quite near I could hear a peculiar effect produced when he moved his head to the side, by the rasping sound of his cheeks rubbing against the collar. It happened to be "French day," and just before he left Monsieur Dewmelang came in.

Mr. Hatherton introduced him to the great man. The little Frenchman bowed almost to the floor, and expressed his "ravishment" at making the acquaintance of "M. l'Abbé." The title seemed to baffle Mr. Hogg at first, but on consideration for a moment, he simply said, "Ah! quite so, quite so," and departed.

Robinson said it was awfully decent of "Buster" not to have addressed "old Hat" in Latin, which the former could speak "like a native," and so reduce "Hat" to the humiliation of having to consult "Corduroy."

The girls' school, as I have said, was conducted by Mrs. Hatherton and her two daughters, Miss Maria and Miss Martha. Miss Maria was very tall and slim, and sailed rather than walked. The deportment of the young ladies was her care. Among other things she minutely instructed them as to how they should comport themselves when introduced into the presence of royalty. This she considered of supreme importance. She was the complete type of dignified composure, which no disturbance could ruffle. She, too, it was who taught the piano. We have seen Mrs. Hatherton superintending the practise of scales. But when it came to the serious work of learning "tunes" Miss Maria was the teacher. The musical repertory of the establishment consisted, I think,

of three "tunes"—"Lieber Augustin," also known as "Buy a broom," "The Swiss Boy," and "Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman." I was rather surprised lately to see the last-named in the music book of my little granddaughter. I should have thought that the vocal mutilation inflicted on its title any time for the last fifty years would have done for it long since.

Miss Martha, unlike her sylph-like elder sister, was low sized, and of a somewhat squat build. I think she taught only the very young girls. Her avocations seemed to take her a good deal out of the schoolroom, for she was to be met at all hours of the day on the stairs. The outstanding feature of her dress, as presented by my memory, is a very long pair of under-garments with frills, which were locally known as "knee-caps."

I have said that Robinson chewed tobacco. But whether it was as a "preliminary canter" before enjoying the more trying delights of the nicotine plant I do not know, but chewing india-rubber was quite common in the school. It was not, like the india-rubber now used for "erasers," whitish in colour, but in black lumps. It took quite a long course of mastication to convert a bit into the desired condition of plasticity. But when once this was achieved one could stretch the rubber to a sufficient tenuity to permit of the formation of small air blobs, which when struck against the back of the hand produced a sharp explosion much esteemed in class-time.

Mr. Hatherton took a very serious view of the practise. He held that chewing india-rubber was the first step to the gallows. And he proved his assertion with the most perfect clearness. Chewing india-rubber, he said, naturally led to chewing tobacco. The next step—to smoking—was of course obvious. Smoking produces thirst, and thirst, as is well known, is only to be alleviated by the drinking of ardent spirits. The consequent intoxication invariably resulted in murder, and the infliction of capital punishment on the unhappy criminal was only what was to be expected in any well-regulated community.

I have chewed india-rubber, I have smoked, I have consumed in my time a reasonable amount of ardent spirits, but there, in my case, was the end. Can I, in the cold light of Mr. Hatherton's irrefragable logic, doubt that the absence of one connecting link has been my salvation? I never chewed tobacco.

C. A. NASH.

PEASANT LIFE IN RUSSIAN NOVELS

THE condition of the Russian peasantry is a subject on which very positive and very conflicting opinions have been held in this country, in many cases by people who have lacked either the will or the opportunity to obtain their information at first hand. One school of thought which had many adherents before the war, and perhaps has some still, thinks of the *moujik* as a downtrodden slave—ignorant, brutalized, his every aspiration towards better things crushed by a tyrannical Government. A more popular view at present is that held by such writers as Mr. Stephen Graham, who dwell on his dignity, his piety, his unspoiled wisdom; to them he is a king among men, whose conditions of life, in spite of the inconveniences which belong to a primitive state of society, are infinitely to be preferred to the commercialized civilization of Western Europe. It is not for those of us who have never lived in Russia to decide which of these views is correct, or at what point between them the truth may be found. It is, however, interesting to consider what Russian writers have to say on the subject; and for this purpose the works of the novelists will be found more valuable than any political or sociological treatise, for writers who use the social conditions of their country merely as an artistic background to a story may be expected to be freer from bias than those whose aim is propagandist or controversial.

In studying Russian novels from this point of view, it is necessary to consider whether the story belongs to the period before or after 1861, for this year—the year of the emancipation of the serfs—brought about great changes in the condition of the peasantry. In Dostoevsky's *The Possessed* we hear of the apprehension with which the landowning class awaited the carrying out of the reform; some expected it to be the signal for a great popular uprising, like the French Revolution, and all thought that the day on which the measure took effect would be made memorable by a demonstration of some kind. Nothing unusual happened, however; and we gather from various references that though many landowners were in straitened circumstances under the new conditions, the change in the peasants' way of life was very

gradual. They continued to work on the same estates, and were in fact economically if not politically still dependent on their employers. Some years later, however, as one of Dostoievsky's characters remarks, a distinct change in them might be noticed; they were better educated, spoke more correctly, and were generally more intelligent and enterprising than they had been before the emancipation. On the other hand, Levin, in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, found it impossible to introduce new and improved methods of agriculture on his estate, because they involved extra trouble, and the free labourers could not be induced to work as hard as the serfs had done.

In the days of serfdom, the peasants were bought and sold like cattle; they were forbidden to leave the estate to which they were attached, and runaways, if caught, were severely punished; whereas a nobleman who owned several estates could at his discretion move the peasants from one to another. The amount of labour required of them seems to have been fixed by the owners and not by the Government, and naturally varied on different estates according to the character of the landowner. Some remitted the forced labour altogether, requiring instead a money payment. This system generally worked well; the peasants' condition did not differ greatly from that of free labourers, and they took more interest in their work when they felt that they had some opportunity of improving their circumstances. It was not unusual for a thrifty peasant to save enough money to buy himself a piece of land. Several of these peasant proprietors are mentioned in the novels; they did not mix socially with the nobles, but seem to have been respected by all classes, and were often able, through their intermediate position, to negotiate between landowners and serfs and to protect the latter from injustice.

The descriptions of the various estates in Gogol's *Dead Souls*, though many of them no doubt are caricatures rather than exact pictures, give some idea of the almost unlimited power possessed by the nobles over the welfare of their people. For example, the miser Plushkin's peasants were ragged and untidy in appearance, and lived in miserable hovels, riddled with holes; the road was so badly kept that they walked knee-deep in mud; the aspect of the whole estate was sordid and dejected. In contrast to this, the landowner Sobakevitch, a man of very thorough and practical character, had

a model village of solid, well-built cottages, and serfs who were known all over the district as skilled and efficient workmen. The better kind of masters built schools, hospitals, and churches for their people, while the peasants on other estates were quite illiterate, and had not even a priest to give them Christian burial.

The exercise of this arbitrary power often had its ludicrous side, as in the case of Koshkarev, in *Dead Souls*, who wished his labourers to read treatises on agriculture as they walked behind the plough; or the lady mentioned by Turgeniev, who, because she was a spinster herself, refused to allow her serfs any such self-indulgence as marriage. Peasants who incurred their masters' displeasure, however, often suffered severely; women were forced to enter convents, and men were sent away on military service, which meant an absence of many years. A milder punishment was degradation to a menial position, such as that of cook; we gain some idea of the kind of offence for which this penalty was imposed from Turgeniev's story of a huntsman who on one occasion was degraded because his brother ran away, and on another because he fell from his horse, injuring the animal and incidentally nearly killing himself. Corporal punishment was almost universal; Nikolai Rostof, in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, abolishes it on his estate at the request of his wife, and finds that he obtains better results without it; but most of the characters in the novels seem to regard it as a matter of course. Old Bazarov, in Turgeniev's *Fathers and Sons*, a man of such kindly and easy-going disposition that anyone entering his village can at once see that his serfs stand in no awe of him, feels obliged to maintain discipline by this means, and his son, in spite of his advanced liberal views, quite approves of it.

This question of corporal punishment, however, must not be judged from a western standpoint, since, from various incidents in the novels, we gather that acts of physical violence are more common among all classes in Russia, and are regarded much more lightly, than they are in countries where the social conditions are less primitive. The serfs indeed appear to take their floggings very philosophically, and do not respect a master unless he is strict. Again, the fact that they kiss their masters' hands and bow to the ground before them is no evidence of servility in their attitude, since they are only showing in a somewhat higher degree the cere-

monious courtesy which is common among Russians of all ranks. On the whole, peasants, even in the days of serfdom, appear to have behaved to their masters with a freedom which shows their independent and self-respecting characters. There is an amusing incident in *War and Peace* which illustrates this. A wolf-hunt is taking place on the estate of Count Rostof, and members of the party are stationed at different points to head off the wolf and prevent his escape. The Count himself, tired of waiting, and deep in conversation with a friend, does not notice the wolf until it is too late; he lets it pass, and is speechless with embarrassment when his huntsman (a serf) runs up and expresses in scathing terms his scorn for such carelessness. Plushkin, in *Dead Souls*, who is by no means a lenient master, accuses his housekeeper of having moved a paper from his table, and is "answered back" in a way few English employers would tolerate from their servants. Another incident in *War and Peace* shows this independence of the peasants in a more objectionable form. During Napoleon's advance on Moscow in 1812, most of the inhabitants of the invaded provinces prepared to leave their homes, in spite of proclamations issued by the French that they would not harm them. The peasants on the Bolkonsky estate, however, held a meeting at which they decided that they would be better off if they remained, and not only refused to move to another estate at their mistress's urgent request, but even prevented her from leaving, and kept her a prisoner until she was rescued by some Russian troops who happened to be in the neighbourhood.

We read of various instances in which serfs, either through their own ability or by some stroke of good fortune, were able to rise superior to the legal and political disadvantages to which their birth would have condemned them. Thus Shatov, in *The Possessed*, who was born a serf, had received a University education, though in Russia that does not necessarily imply the wealth or social status that it does in England. Turgenev mentions a serf-girl who married her master's son, and whose position, though a difficult one, appears to have been hardly more unpleasant than an English village girl's would be if she had married the son of the squire and had been obliged to live in his parents' house. Often the peasant's native shrewdness made him more than a match for a landowner who was easy-going or inexperienced, and we hear of Tientietnikov in *Dead Souls* find-

ing his crops unaccountably spoiled by the weather, or some circumstance for which no one could be blamed, while on the land which the peasants cultivated for their own use no such unfortunate accidents happened.

Partly because of their independence and the not unnatural suspicion with which they regarded any innovations brought about by the landowners, and partly because of their innate conservatism and lack of enterprise, the peasants generally showed themselves unresponsive, if not actively hostile, to any attempt made by reformers to improve their condition. In Turgenev's *Virgin Soil* there is a description of a landowner trying to explain to his serfs a scheme of co-operation which he wished to introduce on his estate, by which the peasants would obtain a larger share of the produce of their labour. There is humour as well as pathos in the contrast between the conscientious young nobleman and the stolid, indifferent peasants, and their utter failure to understand each other's point of view. In *Fathers and Sons* the Nihilist Bazarov, though his attitude towards the peasants is a somewhat scornful one, talks to some of the older men on his father's estate in an attempt to find out their opinions on various questions. They answer him courteously, as one might humour a child, but their remarks about him as soon as his back is turned show that their contempt for his ignorance is at least as great as his scorn for theirs.

This stolid resignation, amounting to fatalism, which the Russian peasant shows in dealing with the larger questions of social reform may also be seen in the most trivial incidents of his daily life. There is an episode in Turgenev's *A Sportsman's Sketches* which is very characteristic. The narrator, travelling alone one night in a coach along a country road, falls asleep, and wakes up an hour later to find the coach at a standstill in the middle of a river, with the water covering the horses' legs and the wheels of the vehicle. Filofey, the driver, explains that he has missed the ford, and does not know in which direction he ought to go to regain it. The traveller urges him to make the attempt, since they cannot stay there for ever, but Filofey replies imperturbably that they can do nothing but wait till the shaggy horse, the middle one of the *troika*, has made up his mind. After a pause for meditation, the sagacious animal pricks up his ears, snorts, and makes a determined move forward. Filofey, suddenly roused to animation, urges on his team with voice and

whip, and, sure enough, the coach soon emerges into shallower water and arrives safely on the other bank. This same Filofey, however, who is undisturbed at the prospect of spending a night in the river, would probably have exerted himself to the utmost, like another coachman mentioned by Turgenev, to avoid meeting a funeral at the cross-roads, or to avert any other form of ill-luck.

There are many allusions in the novels to the superstitions of the peasants, and although these are seldom described in much detail, but rather referred to casually as something to be taken for granted, we gain some idea of the large part played in their lives by the supernatural. An eclipse of the sun is a heavenly portent; the spirits of the departed appear on earth in the form of animals; and on All Saints' Day anyone who sits in the church porch will see coming along the road all who are to die within the year. In Turgenev's *Byezhin Prairie*, which contains a wealth of folklore, we read of the *domovoy*, who may be heard walking through the house at night, when all is still; the wood-spirit, who is dumb, but claps his hands with a rattling sound, and leads belated travellers out of their way; the *russalka*, a fairy who swings on a branch and laughs provocatively, tempting men to follow her; and the water-spirit, who lies in wait for unwary ones who stoop too near the river's bank, and drags them in.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the surroundings and habits of the peasants—their houses, their dress, their food—partly because information on such points is given in almost any book or article on Russia, and partly because changes in these respects may well have taken place in the generation that has passed since most of the great novelists wrote. But the general nature of the country, the atmosphere of the environment in which the peasants live, and by which their character is shaped, is important, and no study of Russian life can be adequate which does not take this into consideration. The foreigner whose idea of Russia is of a country of extreme cold, covered by dark, wolf-haunted forests, would perhaps be led to modify his views by a study of Russian literature, and to realize that a degree of cold which seems abnormal to visitors from temperate climates probably causes little inconvenience to natives of the country. Indeed, in Russian novels, while descriptions of oppressive heat are not uncommon, it would be difficult to find a passage

giving such a realistic impression of intense cold as—for instance—the first chapter of *The Christmas Carol*, or the account of the hard winter in *Lorna Doone*. As for the wolves, when they are mentioned at all, they are regarded chiefly as game to be hunted, and the forests, instead of being places of gloom and terror, are shady retreats, melodious with the song of birds and the rippling of waters.

But the most typically Russian landscape, the one which has obtained most hold on the hearts of Russian writers, is the steppe—the open plain, bare, rough, unbroken in its monotony by hills and valleys, rocks and waterfalls. Turgenev, whose point of view is western in many ways, and whose landscapes are often of a conventionally beautiful kind which might be found in any country, could still feel the fascination of the steppe, and has given us some unequalled pictures of it. One of the most impressive is that in *Byezhin Prairie*, where the sportsman, having lost his way and wandered for hours through dark ravines and unfamiliar forests, suddenly finds himself at the edge of a precipice, from which—as the mist lifts for a moment—he sees the prairie stretch beneath him in an endless vista, lighted near at hand by the glimmering fires of the drovers, and fading away into mists and shadows on the dim horizon.

It is significant that the peasant boys speak of it as a "holy open place"—a place free from the malign influence of the spirits that lurk in woods and valleys. The Russian peasant is a man for whom vast spaces have no terrors; separated by great distances from his fellow-men, he lives in close contact with the earth, from which he gains his livelihood. It is the influence of the spacious plains around him which develops in him his most attractive qualities—his hospitality, his simple piety, his freedom from convention, hypocrisy, and cant—and which gives him, the child of the soil, a wisdom which no books can teach, which is drawn from Nature herself. To his possession of these gifts the great Russian writers unanimously bear witness. Tolstoy's heroes, in great crises of their spiritual development, sit at the feet of peasants and learn from them the great truths which civilization has obscured, and even in the more practical affairs of every day, find that the fullest and most interesting kind of life is that which they share with the peasants, taking part in their work and trying to understand their point of view. This idea is found not only in Tolstoy,

whose theories on the subject are well known, but in writers like Gogol and Turgeniev, whose representations of country life are by no means idyllic. Gorky says that no peasant, however bad, can be as depraved as a vicious townsman, thus definitely attributing the peasant's virtues to the influence of his environment.

Descriptions of this environment recur throughout Russian literature, and everywhere we have the same impression of spaciousness and freedom, of immense distances across which, in the stillness of evening, faint sounds come floating—the shrill voices of children, the laughter of boatmen on some far-off lake, or snatches of music to which village girls dance and sing in chorus. There is a famous passage in *Dead Souls* which seems to sum up all these impressions, and give them a new significance. It is the passage which describes Chichikov, after leaving the town of N., driving by night along a country road in search of fresh adventures. Gogol dwells on the scene with the tenderness of an exile. The stoutly-built carriage, the three powerful horses harnessed abreast, the massive figure of the coachman, bearded and mittened—all are typically Russian, fashioned for speed and endurance. The collar-bells jingle, the verst-stones flash past, the road quivers beneath the galloping hoofs; and Gogol, gifted for a moment with the inspired vision of a prophet, discovers in the whole scene an allegorical significance; the wide expanse of the steppes seems to typify the greatness of the Russian soul, and the flying *troika* becomes the symbol of a mighty nation, speeding onward, swift and irresistible, till it overtakes the whole world and fulfils its glorious destiny.

C. M. BOWEN.

BACK TO THE LAND

YEAR after year we pleaded, watch'd in vain
The wasting of the English countryside.
" 'Tis sad, no doubt," men said, "the general gain
With loss of beauty should be thus allied."

And ever wax'd the haggard city's sway,
And ever wan'd the sinews of the land;
And few but went unheeding on their way,
And few would pause, and fewer understand.

Thus 'twas the nation's lifeblood Mammon drew
To glut his private greed, and loudly told
How year by year the wealth of England grew,
And o'er new worlds the tide of progress roll'd.

Unmov'd men saw the wreck of peasantry
Upswallow'd in the quicksand of the slum,
Unmov'd the empty garner, failed to see
Near and more near the Prussian menace come.

And lo! about me now on every hand
The plough hath won new conquests, and the fair
Brown tilth drives back the flood of pastureland;
The voice of hope is wafted everywhere.

And children who in reeking streets would run
Unguided, shut from wholesome influence,
Follow their parents under sky and sun,
And with the spade requicken mind and sense.

Shall we not see her, England of the past,
Free rural England with the faith of More,
Alfred and Champion, waken at the last,
Take up the wisdom and the life of yore?

Forget the breath of Mammon hither blown,
His sooty pennons and his shrieking hours;
Each thrust of spade shall shake his haughty throne,
Each furrow undermine his shameless towers.

Back to the land? yea, for the very life.
To drudge afield? yea, from the first ordain'd
Of God, with sweetness marrow'd is the strife.
Content? Thank God for life and soul regain'd.

H. E. G. ROPE.

HIDDEN GARDENS. II ¹

THE TRUG-PEDLAR.

I LEFT Swallowfield with regret, but my plans were made and I was to reach Longhurst that day. It was only seven miles away, and I spent a day of easy loitering along the road. I was crossing a field along a right-of-way when I saw a strange-looking figure coming down the path. It was a man, very tall, with features of true Red Indian type, a certain nobility in his glance, clad in a wine-coloured overcoat, faded and patched, his hat and trousers the hue of earth. He carried three trug-baskets slung by a cord over his shoulder.

I made way for him, but he stopped and bowed with a fine air.

"Good evenin', lady."

I returned his greeting, hoping secretly that he would stop and talk, for his appearance pleased me. I admired his trugs. He burst into talk in the way peculiar to country folk. I think they borrow the habit from the birds.

"I get these baskets at 'urstmonceux, lady. That's the only place w're good trugs are to be got in the whole of England, but now the men 'ave all been called up and I caan't do no business. Time was w'en I could get five and six gross at a time and 'awk 'em roun' the country. From Saarisbury to Weymouth, Weymouth to Portsmouth, Bosham, Brighton, Deal, right roun' the coast to London I've 'awked these baskets. By nights I'd sleep in the caart, lady, and turn the pony loose on the roadside. I'd no need to worry about 'er. She was always waitin' there at foive o'clock in the mornin', punkchal as a clock, and such a one for the 'ills! But I 'ad ter get rid of 'er last fall."

(Here he paused to turn a quid in his cheek.)

"'Scuse me lady, but I've got the toothache an' the 'bacca soothes it." (He accepted the price of another ounce with the air of a cavalier.)

"You ought to have the tooth out. You'll never cure it with tobacco," said I.

"Jus' what my missis said w'en she clapped on a pepper

¹ See THE MONTH for May, 1917.

plaaster laas' noight. She's a wonder! Whoi, I've been away six months on end at times an' sendin' her money irreg'lar, but w'en I comes 'ome I finds the place jus' as w'en I stepped out of it an' the kids tidy and she allus on the look-out. I don't know any man roun' 'ere's got sich a wife. There's some o' them wimmin caan't be left a day alone."

Then we talked of Fittleworth and the Rother, and Bignor and Petworth.

"Oi see you've only jus' started on the road, lady. Well, keep to it whenever you can. I've spent a lifetime on it an' I know it to be good an' free, ev'ry inch of it. Once yer get it in yer blood there's no gettin' it out. Good-night, lady."

With that he made me another bow and shook hands with me gravely.

I stood and watched him go up the lane, the fading light dyeing his poor patched garment to a vivid purple, one hue among others of that coat of many colours, the royal mantle of the prince of good pedlars.

THE PRIEST.

Next day was Easter Sunday. To hear Mass I had to return to Swallowfield. I made a forced march of it, having risen late, and arrived in time to meet the people coming out of church. I went in, very hot and angry, and sat down. I was not there long before the sound of keys tapped on iron pipes caused me to look round. The priest was waiting to close the church. He beckoned me out and locked the door. He was tall and delicate-looking, with brown eyes, clear and calm. He looked at my satchel.

"Are you doing a walk?"

"Indeed, Father, I've done it," said I. "I've come close on seven miles to hear Mass and have arrived just in time to miss it."

"That was a good effort, but you should not have attempted it."

We walked together round the garden that lay in front of the church.

"That's our new Parish School," said he, pointing to a building bounding one side of the garden. "A lady in these parts built it. She has lately had a small legacy and this is her first investment. It has taken more than half her

money. Some of her friends, Catholics too, blame her for such a bad investment. Believe me, when a woman commits such foolishness deliberately for the benefit of others, she is as near wisdom as she will ever be. A woman who has not made at least one such bad investment is unworthy of the traditions of her kind. The stones of ingratitude flung at her by way of reward can be passed on by her for polishing, for no eternal crown will be complete without them."

"But I wish there could be some recognition of such acts down here too," I answered.

"You have forgotten woman's capacity for hidden work. She positively has an appetite for it. Men work best on a showy job. They could not flourish in the shade. Woman's work is not less valuable because it is not conspicuous; indeed, it is the basis of all greatness in this world. It is wisdom and not weakness that prompts a woman to act the kind 'Nanna,' standing away in a corner, cheering and clapping and playing the band for every fresh caper of her nursling, and lamenting loyally the manifold drawbacks of the hobby-horse. These facts are not sufficiently brought forward in girls' schools. Boys are crammed with stories of the grand doings of their sex, but teachers don't seem to have grasped yet the importance of impressing girls with the wonderful hidden deeds of women in the past and their own glorious future."

I agreed. He was looking thoughtfully at the school, and I could see that the place was the light of his eyes.

"If I had my way and the necessary means, I'd overthrow the whole of the present educational system and have the children taught what they really need to learn; that is, how to save their souls, cultivate the earth, and keep comfortable homes. I'm so sorry for these poor mites, stuffed with shreds of mathematics and wisps of 'ologies, and not knowing, half of them, how to cook a dinner or wash the baby or which way a potato is planted. Their mothers won't risk spoiling food to teach them. The present mode of teaching is producing, especially in cities, an atrocious type of person, with a mind like a shiny button, reflecting everything that passes but producing no light from within. Such people will argue that they must be able to write poetry because they have learned the rules of prosody and have been dragged round in a wretched 'nature class' to look at trees and things, which the Board of Education has scheduled in the Admiration

column. I see, at times, the appalling vision of a crop of gleaming, black boot-buttons, bred in the rotten deposits of our civilization, spreading over and blotting out what beauty there is in art with their cheap, merely-clever claptrap. It is a nightmare, of course, but if allowed to develop unchecked, these abnormal-minded people would, in time, become the normal people of their day. It is their cursed Eugenics that will keep their numbers down, by which time we may have institutions for their quiet suppression and new educational laws."

The priest had worked himself up into such a heat that he required another turn round the garden in silence to cool himself.

"It is most difficult to sympathize with such people—for a priest must always be sympathetic—when they come to me and tell me that religion holds no mysteries for them. As their spiritual medical man my diagnosis is that they are suffering from closed minds and perforated memories, by means of which they take in nothing new and are constantly losing more and more of the little knowledge they possess. This absence of mystery in religion is immediately followed by blatant paganism. There is an elderly man in this village, who has made his money and collected his pictures and china in the usual way. He is the pillar of one of the Nonconformist churches here, yet he told me once that Christ alone was to blame for not having a roof over His head. He should not have starved with a trade at His fingers' ends. Being a carpenter, He could have been quite comfortably off. You see, when a person loses sight of the mystery of God's love, it is quite easy to size Him up as one would an English carpenter, at so much an hour."

"Your retired china-collector is a good example of the English commercial pagan, I think. It is our modern practice to estimate a man rather by what he earns than by what he is," I remarked.

"That is another feature of these case-hardened folk, for everything, from God Himself to the secret workings of a human brain, is to them an open book. They have no surprises and nothing to learn. They are, indeed, a heart-breaking crowd. I think this age will have its great leader to head the fight against this mystery-killing movement—some mystic who will counteract the soul-drying effects of it. Mystics are not generally understood. They are not

moon-struck but are the most practical spiritual people out of Heaven, probably because they are so near it. Many think that mysticism means garments of a sloppy cut and amulets round the neck, but a true mystic has no uniform nor stock-in-trade for public show, simply because he is not conscious of being anything extraordinary. It is the self-consciousness and consequent pride of the amulet-wearing people that distinguish them from the real mystics."

"Then you think that another Dominic or Catherine will arise to open these closed minds and let in a ray of light?"

"Yes. Every age has had its Dominic and its Catherine and we shall have ours. It may even be that the new apostle will be another Dante. 'The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her (the Church's) soil,' says Francis Thompson in his essay on Shelley, but he adds: 'She has retained the palm but foregone the laurel.' We may come to a time when the gates of the Church will admit poets to their place within them. Then, perhaps, some fearless singer, 'gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars,' will come, and by his very sweetness call, Orpheus-like, the unthinking thousands to follow him and see the earth for the first time as it is."

With that the priest left me to speak to a man at the gate, and I went down to the railway-station, my journey being ended, thinking, as usual, of many things.

DORA JOHNSON.

THE BOND OF LANGUAGE

WHEN Becky Sharpe threw her gift-book out of the coach-window the humour of the episode, though enhanced by, did not essentially consist in, the fact of the book being a "Dixonary." A bulky volume of *The Rambler*, or of *The Lives of the Poets*, would have served Thackeray's purpose very nearly as well. It is conceivable, again, that Abbot and Mansfield, or Hall and Knight, or Haddon and Stubbs, might have exposed themselves to a squib like that which was flung at a memorable vocabular partnership:

"Two men wrote a Lexicon" once, did they not?

"One wrote what was right, and one what was"—*rot.*

So the critic, who saucily challenged a guess:—

"Which wrote" L., "and which wrote" S.?

I further would ask, for my memory's weak,

Which wrote Latin, and which wrote Greek?

Did Castor and Pollux in Latin consort

As Lewis and Scott, or as Liddell and Short?

One of the tomes (which is which, doesn't matter;

They're both very bulky) is wider and fatter,—

Fat enough, indeed, for sportive undergraduates to practise, in their rooms, the management of sliding-seats withal. Better even, however, because more flexible, than a full-sized Liddell and Scott (Heureka! "A hæ it noo!"), might have been a London Postal Directory; in short, when memories other than the dreariest cling to a Dictionary, it is in something extrinsic to the nature of that work that the mirth, or the charm, of the remembrance will usually be sought.

Of no such accidental associations, however, is it here proposed to speak: our plea is that, *in its own right*, or by reason of its distinctive character, a Dictionary is one of the most delightful books that could beguile a railway-passenger or soothe an apprehensive client in the antechamber of a dentist. In moments like these, one is grateful for a magazine of short stories: what larger or choicer an assortment could be desired, of amazing tales and of whimsical anecdotes, than is furnished by the lexicographer? Packed in their long rows, the words have, to be sure, an arid and dingy appearance; yet a slight infusion of etymology will do for them

what steeping in water will do for dessicated apples. To put this in another way, language has itself been called "a Dictionary of faded metaphors."¹ Take the word *black*: we use it in algebraic, in purely conventional, fashion. To conjure up a lively image, the word must yoke itself with some such noun as *pitch*, or *jet*, or *raven*. Now suppose that, instead of calling the night pitch-black, we said it was *pitch-en*—just as we call hair or sunlight not gold-yellow but *golden*. *Pitch-en* would mean "made, or consisting, of pitch"; and to say that darkness was made of pitch would undeniably be metaphor. Suppose further that, owing to some chemical discovery, the use of pitch, from to-day forth, were wholly abandoned. The substantive might, in course of time, be forgotten like the substance; but the adjectival *pitchen*, having firmly established itself in a number of phrases, would survive the disappearance. Thus, in a thousand years' time, folk who used the phrases would for the most part be unaware of the original meaning. The image would have vanished, the colour have run out of the adjective. "Pitchen night" would be a faded, or rather a bleached, metaphor.

Now this, in all essentials, is just what has happened to *black*. To recover a long-lost verbal image, often the best way is to find the extant meaning of what, in another language, is really the self-same word under a disguise; and English is but one of those dialects—rather, is but a member of one group of such dialects—which, like the respective peoples that first used them, have all sprung from the Aryan stock. Between these dialectic groups, variation takes place in certain consonants on (for the most part) rigid lines, much as what the natives of that county call *Zummerset* would, in the mouths of a lisping community, inevitably be sounded *Thummerthet*; and Grimm's Law, rightly though Mr. Chesterton may deem it far less important than Grimm's Fairy Tales, warrants us in supposing that the phonetic skeleton BL—K is really the same as that which, in Latin, shows itself as FL—G, in the tell-tale syllable of flag-rare and of flamma (for flag-ma). Probably, in short, the etymological meaning of *black* is "scorched" or "charred"; but the image has long died out of remembrance. We use the word simply because, by tacit popular acceptance, it has come to symbolize the contrary of white. Of its original title to such

¹ Jean Paul, quoted by Max Müller in *The Science of Language* (Vol. II. cap. viii).

acceptance, folk are mainly as ignorant as if, instead of being *black*, the symbol were *Rumpelstiltskin* or *Abracadabra*. The metaphor—calling a nigger-minstrel, or the bottom of a deep well, “charred”—has been utterly bleached.

So much for the story; now for the moral. At the back of most people's minds there is a sneaking idea which they try to disavow by ascribing it to illiterates—to Jeames and Hodge. This idea is that, what we call *black*, a foreigner calls by some other name out of natural perversity, if not out of national prejudice. In humbler folk, indeed, the belief would be pardonable. Having no means of learning the true explanation, they must either assume a false one or go without any at all; nor would the assumption lack the seeming support of facts which—though Hodge cannot be expected to know them—a wiser man might be puzzled to account for. What British anglers term the alder-fly is in France called *mouche de vase* or *mud-fly*; a name to which one Belgian angler would have preferred *mouche des pierres* or *stone-fly*. This is strange; for the insect which we ourselves call *stone-fly* is in France known as *mouche d'aulne* or *alder-fly*. *Μῆλον*, again, the Greek apple, is the namesake of our melon;—equally strange, for *πέπων*, the Greek melon, is, through late Latin and through French, the namesake of our pippin. It was amongst the ancient Greeks that the question arose, Did language spring from nature or was it an institution? Whatever they may have meant by “institution,” they could not, according to Max Müller, have intended mere arbitrary usage; yet, recalling the names *mouche d'aulne* and *μῆλον*, who will blame a charwoman for supposing that the discrepancy between languages, whatever one may think about language itself, is less likely to have sprung from “nature” than from “natural cussedness”?

No such excuse, however, can be received on behalf of those who have better opportunities of learning the truth; and the truth is that, notwithstanding appearances, foreigners invent names for things on the same general principles as we do ourselves. When a Frenchman says *noir* instead of *black*, the divergence for which some Fanny Squeers might “pity and despise him” is not greater than that of *black* itself from *sable*. Are we to deny him the liberty which we ourselves take of envisaging the same thing under another aspect? Etymologically, *noir* is no more French for *black* than *black* is English for *ebon*, or than *belly* (what *bulges* or *bulks*; cf.

bilge) is English for "bread-basket." Neither, on the same showing, is *doigt* the French for *finger*. Of the latter word, a hint of the early meaning is given in *fang*. In Anglo-Saxon, the verb *feng-an* was "to catch"; fangs (fling a bone in the air to an eager dog!) and fingers were therefore viewed as catching-implements. Not so *doigt*: this is a corruption of Latin *dig-itus*, the root of which, a little changed, re-appears in *δάκ-τυλος*, *δεκ-νυμι*, *dic-o*, in-*dic-o*, in-*dex*. What is true pre-eminently of the *index* finger is true, in some degree, of its fellows: they are "pointers." Now the members (*as* members) of the foot are analogous to those of the hand; by analogy, therefore, or metaphor, the former are called *digiti pedis*, or *doigts de pied*, just as we might have called them *foot-fingers*. Instead of doing so, we have given them a name seemingly on their own account; what, then, was its full original force? The name *toe*, as often the limb itself, has been crumpled well-nigh out of recognition, and the Anglo-Saxon *ta* looks equally helpless; that its Low-German original, however, had the sound t—k, can be reasonably conjectured from *zehe*, which is modern German for the toe. In that case, *toe*, like *zehe*, tallies under Grimm's Law with *dig-itus*, and must itself once have meant "pointer." But what Englishman (the Hun is *capable de tout*) would point to a house, or to a figure on the blackboard, with his big toe? The inference is unmistakable: some remote Teutonic ancestor of the word must have been degraded utterly from hand to foot; so that a Frenchman, after all, is less un-English in calling fingers *doigts* than we ourselves are un-English, or at any rate un-Aryan, in *not* calling them *toes*! He has not only preserved, but has thereby enabled us to trace, a metaphor which, by rights, belongs to us every bit as much as to him.

The lesson is plain and, we trust, seasonable. Britain and her Allies are fighting in behalf of oppressed nations—say rather, in defence of nationality itself. How intimately, as in the sufferings of Poland, the question of language has been connected with that of racial (and of religious) antagonism, the history of such words as *Welsh* (cf. *Walloon*) can testify. The Greeks and Romans, again, called alien peoples *barbarians* or "stammerers"; nevertheless, imperial Rome had the instinctive wisdom, rather perhaps than the humanity, to respect the customs and speech of those whom she united under her sway. In regard of our colonies and

dependencies, Britain is acknowledged to have been guided by a like policy; I wish she had a cleaner score nearer home; and assuredly she has had her reward in the splendid loyalty, the spontaneous enthusiasm, with which the children of her Empire—Teuton or Celt or whatever they be—have hastened in this fateful hour to swell her legions. But not exclusively to them belongs the cause in which that loyalty has impelled them;—not exclusively, even, to the whole brotherhood of the Entente. Civilization itself cries out against the usurper who would trample the individuality out of nations—would crush them, internally and collectively, into the pulp of Prussianized uniformity. Nor will it be enough to have staved off this menace. If a nobler Europe shall arise where armies have dug and blasted for its foundations, the builders must in themselves likewise obliterate those prejudices that have so often embittered racial distinctions. It is here that, in a very humble, very distant way, etymology may seek to "do its bit." Without understanding, it is hard to have sympathy or even to show toleration; and, to the better understanding of other nationalities, we have gone the first part of the way if we have ceased to think of foreigners as "barbarians"—folk whose uncouth jargon betokens a fundamental estrangement from us in their whole outlook on life. Acquaintance with a few etymologies, like those above cited, may lead us to ask ourselves, Is it not possible that, even in peoples with whom we have no kinship of dialect, the modes of thought, working themselves out under other external forms, are substantially the same as our own? Linguistic resemblance, indeed, and the racial affinity which it often betokens, have their place in national sentiment; and it is for the recognition of national sentiment that we are arguing: the danger lies in turning these things to the prejudice of other nations—in the long run, of our own. To the saying, that blood is thicker than water, Flurry Knox's relative added, "and nastier." The cynical utterance has its element of truth: *Better kynde frembd than frembd kyen*. Remembering Verdun and the Trentino, we shall doubtless think twice in future before speaking of the "decadent Latin races." Less exactly though the fabric of their speech tallies with that of our own, we have learned to appreciate these "kind friends" above our closer "friend kind," the enemy, whose language in large part is transliterated English.

To conclude:—Of the various grounds on which an ety-

mologist might support our thesis—that a Dictionary, as such, is one of the most agreeable companions a man could desire—we have staked it on this: that language is itself “a Dictionary of faded metaphors.” Of this great unprinted lexicon, each man, in the measure of his personal vocabulary, has ever with him an abridged edition—one which can neither task his eyesight nor distend his pocket. What he reads between the lines will depend on previous knowledge and present ingenuity; but, unless etymology is to defeat its own purpose and crumble into guess-work, no one who takes the pastime seriously will dispense willingly with the aid of some external vocabular appliance. An abridged edition of Professor Skeat’s monumental work can be stowed with ease in the hand-bag of our hypothetical railway-passenger; so, too, can *Chambers’s Etymological Dictionary*. Lest this piece of information be ascribed to commercial motives, here is a parting suggestion for which compilers and publishers—we shall not be suspected, presumably, of advertising hand-bags—would be the last people to thank us: In buying either of these books, demand liberal discount because of the book containing so many “faded metaphors.”

It is with grateful recollections of one such volume that, for his own part, the writer of these musings will associate The Dixonary Delectable.

T. M. WATERTON.

BILLETED

A LAD walked quickly down a dull street in which there were now but few other passengers, and they invisible, for there was a fog, and the short wintry day was over. In clearer weather it would not have been dark yet, but it was nearly dark now.

It had been a street with two sides to it at first—branching out from a draughty market-place: but now there were houses only on the right, the side on which the lad walked: opposite, there were palings, just visible through the mist, and, beyond the palings, allotments. The youth with the bundle on his back lost nothing by being unable to see them, for they were ugly—as like gardens as a tramps' lodging-house is like a house. Here and there in them were squalid little huts, for tools mostly, sometimes for poultry, made of scraps of iron-roofing, old doors, and lids of packing-cases.

Though the lad walked quickly, he glanced as he went along at the numbers of the houses—they were mean enough and had no great promise of hospitality on their inexpressive faces.

"Seventy-one," noted the lad, and his pace slackened a little.

"Seventy-nine, Poole Street; Littlecroft," he reminded himself, quoting from a paper in his pocket.

He passed seven more houses, all nearly alike, and Number 78 was the last. Beyond was the mist, and, apparently, the country. The street had stopped, it was only a road now. A ragged hedge had succeeded the row of houses, behind it was a butcher's grazing-meadow in which a bullock and three sheep awaited the morrow.

To the hedge succeeded a high wooden paling hiding a garden. There was a wooden gate, but no name or number was painted on it.

The lad went in and found himself in a broad walk, or narrow drive, between tall yew-hedges, clipped so close as to look now like a black wall. The walk curved to a wider gravelled space in front of a small, but not very small, house, gabled and of some character—like a tiny manor house.

The door stood under a stone porch with a short stone bench on each side. To the right of the porch was a French

window, and it had to be passed before the door could be reached. Instead of passing it the lad stepped up to it and looked in. He saw a little drawing-room, with a quaint and pretty old-fashioned paper on the walls—such a paper as used to be called Chinese, and is usually only seen in much larger rooms; it never repeated itself, it was a scene not a pattern. There were pagodas, and tall trails of bamboo, and outlandish birds clinging to them or flying from one to another: there was a little stream and there were bridges over it, and Chinese ladies and gentlemen were strolling here and there.

The furniture of the room was over a hundred years old, but excellent, French, of the time of Louis XVI. There was a piano, but that was probably much newer.

There was a bright fire, but no other light. And by the fire sat a man in black—doing nothing.

But for that man in black the lad would have thought "What a cheerful room!" As it was, his face turned instantly compassionate.

He only looked into the room for a moment or two: he noted things with extraordinary rapidity, and never had the habit of remarking on what he saw, so that people were not commonly aware of his gift of observation. He was going to turn away quite at once, but the man by the fire looked up, saw him, and came to the window. So the lad stood where he was.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said as soon as the window was opened. "Can you tell me where Seventy-nine, Poole Street, is? The last house I passed was Seventy-eight."

"They call this Seventy-nine, Poole Street," the gentleman answered. "It was here before the street was built. We—I call it Littlecroft."

The lad had a slightly troubled look; he was not supposed by his friends to be at all shy, they called him "cheeky": all the same he was shy.

"Is—is anything the matter?" asked the gentleman.

"I am afraid you will dislike it," the lad answered. "I am billeted here. My name is Gunner Frank Gilroy."

"Oh!" said the man in black.

Then, as if reproaching himself for rudeness, he added, "No. I don't dislike it. Come in."

The young soldier went in, and his involuntary host fastened the window.

"Come to the fire. It is a raw evening."

"I am not cold, though."

But of course the lad did as he was asked, and they went together to the fire. In the looking-glass over it he could see the face of the man—as it had looked when he saw it first through the window. But even now, already, he did not think it was quite the same.

"We are in billets all over the village," the lad explained.

"Compton Maris considers itself a town," said his host, looking up with a little smile that seemed to Gunner Gilroy very wintry. "It has a Mayor and a market."

"Oh, has it! I'm from London."

He gave a little sigh and the gentleman noted it quickly.

"You wish you were there now?" he said.

"You must anyway."

"Wish I were in London? I detest it."

"No. Wish I was."

The gentleman paused a moment and said quietly,

"No, I don't. I am glad you are come."

The youth felt sure that he would not have said this had it not been true.

"It is very kind of you to say that," he said. "I was afraid you would think it a nuisance."

"Shall you mind being here?"

"Me? Oh, no. I am glad I have come."

He still carried his rather heavy kit-bag.

"Why don't you put it down?" his host asked him.

"I was waiting——"

At that moment an old servant, very grim, but very neat and respectable, came in with a lamp in her hand. She glanced with tepid curiosity at the soldier.

"He is going to stay," explained her master. "He is billeted here."

"Oh, indeed, Sir. Shall I show him the kitchen?"

"Why on earth, Maria, should he want to see the kitchen?"

"That was what I was waiting for," Gunner Gilroy put in. "It generally *is* the kitchen."

"Maria, you can take that bag," said her master.

"Where, Sir?"

She took the bag, but not with pleasure. Old-fashioned English servants do not care about waiting on soldiers.

"Anywhere for the present—You can put it in the White Room."

She went out.

"Would you *rather* be in the kitchen?" asked the man in black. "There is no other servant but that old woman—she is much older than I am."

"Of course I wouldn't *rather*."

"You would rather stay here—with me?"

There was something in this question that seemed to the young soldier sad, pathetic. He had always in his mind the picture of this man as he had sat with bowed head looking into the fire, which cast no warm reflexion of cheerfulness upon the unexpectant face.

"Of course I would rather," the lad replied gently. "Only I had not the least right to expect it. That was all."

"But," said his host looking up quickly, "you are a gentleman."

"I'm a soldier."

He added nothing, and his host went on.

"When you said you were billeted here I took it for granted you were to be *with me*. Then it occurred to me you might expect that in the kitchen there would be younger company—someone young and cheerful."

"A young and cheerful housemaid, perhaps!" said the lad almost sharply.

"Ah! I knew you were a gentleman."

The youth made a slight movement of impatience.

"And I tell you," he repeated, "I am a soldier. I am Gunner Frank Gilroy. That's all."

"Oh, and my name is Henry Lancaster."

"Yes. It's on the billet."

II.

When Frank Gilroy had looked through the window he had thought the man by the fire old—even very old: for he was not nineteen himself, and anything over forty seemed old to him. The man in black looked much more than forty. His dark hair had as much white as black in it now; but it was not that. It was the unmistakable air of a man whose life lies all behind him, for whom there is little life left. There was the terrible inexpectancy of objectless age. When they sat near each other at supper, not opposite, for Mr. Lancaster took the head of the short table, and Gilroy's place was at one side, he had plenty of opportunity of observing his host.

The hair was very grey, but there were few wrinkles in the face; and what there were seemed rather due to sorrow or pain than years. The eyes were not faded, but clear and bright, at all events when he spoke. When there fell a silence, indeed, they were very sad, and then the man looked old—old.

"Yes," thought the lad, "it isn't his nature to be gloomy. If he had always been as I saw him through the window he must have died—died out, long ago."

He found, however, that Mr. Lancaster could talk, and could talk better than anyone he had ever heard: but at first with the air of a man resuming a discarded habit: almost, too, as if in the midst of his speech, some scruple assailed him—as if he should not be talking. He seemed then to check himself, and brought what he was saying to an abrupt close than it had been originally destined to have. Gradually this wore off. And the more he talked the less did he seem aged.

"I should think," said Gilroy, "you have been everywhere."

"Me? Oh, no. When I was quite young I went abroad a bit: but for thirty years I have been stationary."

("Stationary here!" thought the lad. "In this awful dead-alive place!")

"It is all books," Mr. Lancaster explained. "I mean—my travel all these years has only been books. That is my talk."

But Frank did not believe that. He was much too clever himself not to know better than that. People can't be clever out of books unless they have the cleverness in themselves. I doubt if he knew that he was clever himself, but he knew that he owed almost nothing to books, for he was one of those rare people, not fools, who dislike reading. It was from things and people he learned, with amazing instinct and rapidity, and not from any printed page.

I doubt, I say, if he knew he was clever, for he was oddly modest, and no one had ever hinted it to him. People had told him he was very good-looking, and it infuriated him. Once a lady had stopped him in the street on pretence of asking him the way—a lady of a rank much above his own, and not so young as she would have liked to be: and he saw at once that it was for the sake of looking more closely at him.

"What an old idiot," he thought indignantly, pointing

her way out, and moving off at once. The lady wrote a sonnet afterwards about "the unplumbed secret of his tarn-like eyes," and published it in a newspaper (and got a guinea for it): but Frank did not know that.

Mr. Lancaster was not even aware that his guest was good-looking: he had not much observing faculty for the surface of things: but he soon became convinced that the lad was strangely clever, and that was a proof of his own genius, which was for intuition of the insides of things. And Frank felt this conviction of his, or rather saw it with his wonderful swift-seeing eyes. That was the great difference between them: all that the youth learned daily was taught him by those big, piercing, quick eyes of his: what Lancaster knew was mostly by some subtler sense than that of vision. But neither made mistakes—though the elderly man was impulsive, and the lad was not.

His host was very kind; hospitality was ingrained in him and for a long time had been forced into abeyance; and his talk was the finest part of his hospitality, the most flattering: for he spoke altogether as to an equal—not merely a social equal, but as to one of his own intellectual standing, just as if he supposed the lad knew all he knew himself.

The young soldier was sincerely grateful. But he was quite sure that his host was grateful too. He could see that, though he did not know how he had earned the gratitude. He had been thoroughly grateful when Mr. Lancaster had refused to relegate him to the kitchen, especially because the gentleman had so clearly taken it for granted that the soldier was to be really his own guest. If, on the other hand, his host had taken it for granted that the kitchen was to be his place, the lad would not have been in the least offended; he was too practical: but he had been offended when Lancaster had seemed to think he would have been cheered by the company of a hypothetical servant-girl, and had shown that it offended him—intentionally: Frank never did things unintentionally.

III.

In the drawing-room there were half a dozen pictures, none large: before one of them Frank stood with quiet, assimilating eyes.

"I suppose you know," said his host, watching him, "it is by Constable?"

"No. I didn't know. I never heard of Constable. But I never saw rain painted before."

On a card was a portrait, in pastels, of a lady. She was old, and her abundant hair was quite white; the features were fine and full of distinction, the skin full of wrinkles that the artist had not glossed over.

"That," said the lad, "is splendid."

"It is by —," and Mr. Lancaster mentioned a very famous name. "He knew us well and it was his present."

"He must be great."

"Of course. You must know about him."

"No, I don't. I never heard of him."

The boy glanced from the portrait to his host's face as if in search of a likeness. He thought the lady must have been his mother.

"She was my wife," said Mr. Lancaster. "She died six months ago."

The lad knew nothing about love, he had never read novels—the sort that had come in his way he had thought silly and unnatural, and had tossed aside unfinished. He had, indeed, often been to the theatre, and had there seen plays supposed to depict love: but he had been unfortunate in his instances, and what he saw on the stage was not, mostly, love but something else. Of course the word was familiar enough to him, but he had not learned to think of it with respect.

Now he suddenly knew that he was in the presence of it—a true instance though a strange one.

He had long before this perceived that his host was not really very old, though probably over fifty: the lady in the portrait must, even when it was painted, have been at least twenty years older than that. She could not have been less than forty when she married—an old woman to his ideas: yet he was quite sure that he now understood the sad figure of the man in black by the fire.

It did not so much as occur to him to say anything: for him to babble sympathy was so far out of the question that he simply did not think of it. He just moved on to another picture, an unfinished water-colour portrait, with only the head completed: the head of a boy of nine or ten: but the face was thoughtful, grave, and full of dignity, the large grey eyes beautiful but melancholy, the fine mouth a little petulant.

"That was Hector—her boy," Mr. Lancaster explained;

"he died before it was finished: died before his mother and I were married."

"It is a very noble face," said Frank.

"Yes. That's the strange thing. You see he has no look of his mother."

To the lad it seemed surprising that Mr. Lancaster should make even these explanations, though they were brief enough. He was himself reticent, not merely by habit but because he had to be: his whole nature and taste imposed reticence on him. He could not yet understand how speech can be a relief: anything he had to bear he just bore: to talk about it could not lighten it, but would only be intolerable. His nature was stronger than his host's, perhaps harder—and then he could not yet understand that another man might be less shy than himself.

The portrait of Hector was not hung upon the wall but stood on a little easel upon the piano: and while Frank was studying the picture, and thinking of the elderly man at his side, his fingers rested on the keyboard, making silent chords.

"I see you play," observed Mr. Lancaster, watching him with interest.

"No, I don't," the lad answered, hastily taking his hand from the keys. He did not mean to tell a lie, for he was almost oddly truthful: he merely meant that, as he counted it, he could not really play. He had blushed a little, partly because he knew he had spoken curtly.

"I think," said Mr. Lancaster, turning away, "that before I came to the window and let you in you had seen me for a moment—sitting there."

"Yes, for a moment. I beg your pardon——"

"Of nothing, as the French people say. Well, will you play for me? To oblige me."

"How can I oblige you by doing what I cannot do?" And the lad's tone was almost obstinate. He heard it himself and was a little ashamed: he remembered very well the man he had seen through the window—and how kind the man had been to him.

He sat down to the piano, and played a few chords.

"Would you mind going over there?" he asked, and his host with a little laugh went over to the fire: but in the looking-glass he could still see the face of his guest. He had a big mouth, much too big for beauty, but the moment he opened it to sing Mr. Lancaster knew that it was simply the

mouth of a born singer: no great singer ever had one of your pretty little, neat, narrow mouths.

What the lad sang was of no special account, one of the hundreds of songs each year produces, of which the next year knows nothing; it had two verses and about half a sentiment between the two. It was simply "pretty," with just a miss of being pathetic. But the voice that carried the slight message of the words was beautiful, not less than that, and its production skilful and accomplished. It almost amazed the listener to find that words so few and meagre could hit, not his ears merely, but his heart. And it was a revelation to perceive that the singer had not only skill and knowledge, but taste and power—and feeling.

The moment he had finished Frank got up, and shut the piano: unmistakably a hint or an intimation. He came across the room and said,

"You see."

"Yes. How could you tell such a lie? You——"

"I can't sing. I heard someone (who could) sing that. I was copying."

"It's a libel on what God has given you to say that," said Mr. Lancaster, almost with anger. "You ought to be ashamed to say it."

He paused a moment and then:

"I wish you would tell me about yourself," he added suddenly.

"There is nothing to tell. I wish you would not imagine things. I'm Gunner F. Gilroy, R.F.A., and that's all there is to tell you."

IV.

Every morning early Gunner F. Gilroy went to his duty, taking a scratch meal in his pocket for midday dinner. Every evening he came home to Littlecroft, had tea, talked to Mr. Lancaster, and sometimes sang for him—but reluctantly, until supper, which really was a neat little dinner. Afterwards they again talked, or played piquet, till ten o'clock or so. And so the day ended.

One night, when Frank went to his room to go to bed, he found old Maria there, pretending to see to his fire.

"Mr. Gilroy," she began, then she went to the door, shut it and came back.

"Mr. Gilroy, if you don't mind, I'd like to tell you how thankful I am to Them Above as sent you here."

He looked up surprised, for he had from the first evening taken the impression that the old servant disliked him, and resented his presence—especially in the drawing-room.

"Yes, Sir," she went on, "I'm that thankful, I had to tell you. It has saved Sir Henry—I mean master. He was dying out, like a fire. I used to wonder how long it would take, I did indeed. He'd grown an old man. And now you've come, and he's took hold of his life again. He's happy. I thought I'd tell you."

That Mr. Lancaster had indeed changed the lad saw very plainly: saw more plainly every day.

"I suppose," he said quietly, "he needed company."

"He needed everything. It's more than company you've given him. . . ."

She seemed about to say more, but changed her mind, said "Good-night, Sir," and went away.

Of course next morning he went to his duty, as usual; had his host followed him, and been able, unseen, to listen to the young soldier's talk with his comrades, he would have been puzzled. From the first moment it had been the lad's refinement of manner, speech, intonation, that had made him sure (without any arguing about it) that he was well born and well bred and well educated. But in his intercourse with his fellow-soldiers Gilroy flung all this refinement aside. It was, indeed, constantly remarked of him that he kept a clean mouth, and his language was neither foul nor profane: but his manner of talk was, plainly, vulgar, his speech common, rough, and coarse. He hardly ever used an aspirate, the accent and pronunciation were excruciating. Had he, in a society of gentlemen, but dropped one phrase with such an intonation he would have been labelled for life as outside their pale. But the men with whom he so spoke were not gentlemen, and the peculiarity of his adopting it among them was that it *was* a deliberate adoption: he deliberately cast aside a refinement that he had made his own. The abdication was, as I think, unworthy; but it had a conscious purpose: the purpose of being indistinguishable by those with whom his enlistment had thrown him from one of themselves. It hardly succeeded entirely, for it would happen occasionally, though rarely, that some officer would speak to the young soldier, and in replying Gunner Gilroy's speech was as much

that of a gentleman as was that of the officer: and of course his comrades overheard and noted. Besides they (the shrewdest and most alert observers) would perceive that he had experiences which marked him as not what he deliberately wished to seem. But if Gilroy did not, by his talking of their language, quite impose on his comrades, this odd renunciation of his did make him popular: for the unpardonable sin of the barrack-room is to "put it on"—to put on "side," and affect superiority. To do him justice it was not merely to snatch barrack-room popularity that the lad did this mistaken thing: it was rather out of his queer pride, and from a rabid aversion to the false pretence of which he saw frequent instances. Men who had just learned the existence of the letter H would assume languid airs of superiority, and talk as they imagined "toffs" talk, and would subtly (not very) insinuate that they were somebodies in disguise. One fellow gave himself out as a Comedian (which was true) and let drop that his stage salary had been forty pounds a week.

"Two thousand a year!" remarked Gilroy. "I bet I'd know your acting name if you mentioned it."

But the "called up" Comedian didn't mention it: in fact he had told other men that he acted under his own name.

However, we have here nothing to do with Gunner Gilroy's life among his comrades.

V.

As usual he went home that evening to Littlecroft, and the contrast between what he had just left and that to which he now returned happened to be specially strong in his mind. It was a small house, and its inhabitants had not been wealthy, but it was full not merely of comfort but of that air which only refined and well-born people can give to their homes.

As the lad glanced round the drawing-room his host noted the expression of his face.

"You are glad to get home?" he said, with evident pleasure.

"Of course I am."

"I often think it very good of you—that you come straight home, and never seem to want to go out again. Do you really not want to? I should not like to bottle you up."

"Why should I want to go out again?"

"There's a Cinema in the town——" suggested his host, laughing.

"A Cinema! I daresay. I can just guess what a Compton Maris Cinema would be like."

"There speaks the haughty Londoner." And Mr. Lancaster laughed again. Apparently the only thing his guest prided himself on was on being a Londoner.

The curtains were drawn close; outside there was a bitter wind and a savage frost; the room looked specially pretty and homely with its red-shaded lamp and bright, warm fire.

Gilroy stood on the hearth-rug and looked down upon his host, who was sitting in the chair in which he had first seen him—not much more than a month ago. But the attitude was different, and the whole expression of the attitude was different. Naturally the lad thought of what old Maria had said last night. It was true.

"I wish," he said, "I could tell you how I *like* my evenings at home; how I look forward to them."

"It is very kind of you to say that."

Gilroy could not see that there was any kindness in facts: they were facts, that was all.

"Kind!" and he gave a little laugh. "Can't you picture to yourself what my evenings would have been like if my billet had been, say, at Seventy-eight, Poole Street, instead of Seventy-nine?"

"Seventy-eight is the rag-and-bone merchants!" said Lancaster smiling.

"Yes. I daresay if that had been my billet I should have gone to the Cinema every night."

Presently Frank went up to his room to wash and tidy up for the evening: he found old Maria there.

"Mr. Gilroy!" she asked, quite tremulously, "is it true as you are going away? I do hope it ain't true?"

"Going away? No."

"Well, the milkman said as a lot of the soldiers were going at the end of the week——"

"Oh, that's not our lot. We shall be here three or four months, perhaps longer."

"Oh dear, I am *thankful*. You know what I was saying last night—well, Sir Henry, that's master——"

"Why do you call him Sir Henry?"

"It slips out. He *is* Sir Henry, as his father was before him, though the name's all they had betwixt them as was like. Old Sir Henry was as hard as a straw pillow; and proud; and that obstinate—once offended always offended,

he was. He'd niver change, nor say he'd bin wrong—everyone was wrong but him. And he wanted to manage everyone, and get his own way in everything. Well, he wanted master to marry a young lady (and very pretty, she were; and rich, and a title and all), only master didn't fancy her. And he said he'd choose his own wife, and he chose my lady (she niver minded me calling her that, though she niver took the title like, because master wouldn't). His brother married that Lady Louisa to please the old gentleman, and I daresay pleased himself too: and master married Mrs. Carruthers: she was a widow, her husband only dead eleven months, and she was over forty, and master just turned one and twenty. She was lovely, and 'ardly looked her age, not 'ardly. Still she didn't look like a young fellow's wife. Her hair was partly grey a'ready. She hadn't scarce a penny—worse than not a penny. She had only debts: not as the debts were her fault, for it was a question of debt or starving. Captain Carruthers had left her half a year or so before he broke his neck steeplechasing: and she had herself and the boy to keep. He was as bad as bad that man, but as handsome!! Eh! you never saw a beautifuller face. It was a sort of pity drew master to her—that was his way always: he always had to go where he was needed. But he was rewarded—not by her love for him: for I doubt she niver really thought as much of him as she had of the Captain: but by the love that grew more and more in him for her. It was his life.. She was his life. He lived altogether for her. The title had to come to him, but the old gent. could will away all the land and money, and he did. Of course he knew there'd be no children here, and the title would be Mr. Lionel's too some day. And he took away the 'llowance he'd made to Mr. Henry. From his mother Mr. Henry had a little—a hundred or two a year: that was all; so he had to work, and work he did: writing, writing, writing: niver making no great name, but just earnin' an income. And mistress had to live delicate—she was used to it, tho' she had no fortune hardly. And she liked everything pretty (and good too) about her, and niver would see as the best things cost more than the common things. Of course she was truly fond of master: not in love with him, but caring for no one else after the little boy died—he died a month before they married: and depending on him for everything. He was her lady's maid, like; her nurse; her gardener; her gentleman-companion.

Everything for her had to be done by him. Trouble! She niver thought of the trouble: niver thought it *could* be a trouble to him to do everything for her. Nor it wasn't, in a way of speaking. But every minute, like, was took up doin' things for her—he had hardly any time for himself, for his work—only when my lady (she liked well enough I should call her 'my lady' after the old gentleman died: but master wouldn't take the title up, having so little to *keep* it up); only when my lady was abed and asleep could he get to his writing. So it was almost all done in the night, his work was. And that wore him. And aged him. Then it aged him living always alone with a lady as was an old lady before he was middle-aged. I think he aged a-purpose almost—so's not to vex her by being such a deal younger.

"I can't tell it you all—but you'll understand what I'm trying to tell you. Sir Henry was one of them (few enough too) as *couldn't* live for theirselves. And for thirty-five years he lived for *her*. She was everything. She was more, a deal more, to him than he was to himself. Mind, Mr. Gilroy, he was ever so good to the poor folk, and religious too: but my lady was his life—just because she needed him most. Every plan was for her—niver a plan for himself. And the older she grew, the more it was. She was often ill: and he nursed her back from death's door twenty times. Twenty times she'd have died, but for his care and his love and his prayers. Then she died. And, because she had been all, he lost all. He had given himself away, like, to her: and she took it all with her. He hadn't anything left. I don't know, Sir, as I can make you understand——"

"Yes. I think I do understand, quite. Go on."

"Well, Sir. It used to break my heart pretty nigh to see how he was. All gone. His life all buried with my lady. If he'd 'a lived for himself, like the rest of us do, it would never ha' been like that: because he'd still ha' had hisself left. But that he'd niver learnt to do: for five and thirty year he had niver thought of himself, and he was too old to begin. He didn't rightly know how to go on living. It wasn't living. Then that afternoon you comes a-knocking at the winder——"

"I didn't knock."

"Well, you comes, somehow. (I niver heard a bell, I'm sure o' that.) And I wasn't best pleased, so I wasn't, when I took the lamp in and found you standing there. I

thought you'd be in my kitchen, and whatever was I to do wi' a soldier in my kitchen? But I soon blest Them Above that had sent you. Why, the very first night I saw a difference in Sir Henry: while you and him was at dinner, I did. And now it's come to that as you've brought him alive again."

"He wanted company."

"He wanted a object. More than company. That's what you are—a object."

Gilroy laughed and said,

"Thank you!"

"Don't you mention it. It's just true. I only hope they'll leave you here."

VI.

There was nothing in what the old woman had told him to surprise Gilroy, except the fact that it was she who told it. She was a dry, tough-looking old woman with a face rather like an old dog's. But faithful affection had given her the insight of sympathy. He had no doubt whatever that she was right in her reading of her master's life.

When he went downstairs again he found Sir Henry specially cheerful, and his talk was gay and youthful.

After dinner he said, laughing:

"I hope you're not going to sing," and Frank quite understood.

"You mean I'm so disagreeable that the only way to get me to do anything is to ask me not to."

And he immediately went to the piano, and sang for longer than he had ever done before.

"If I could sing like that," said Sir Henry, "I should be singing all the time."

"And people (if you sang all the time like that) would put a cloth over your head as they do with canaries."

"I wish you'd tell me who taught you to sing."

"I never had a lesson: piano-lessons I had. But I never learned to sing. I only listened to people—on the stage—who knew how."

"Why will you never tell me about yourself?"

"Because there's nothing to tell. You think—or used to think—that I'm somebody different from what I seem. Do you think I belong to—to your own class?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Well, I'm sorry. I was afraid you did. Why couldn't you believe me? I don't belong to your class. I don't belong to any class that I know of. I have no people belonging to me. They are dead."

"Long ago?"

"Yes. I brought myself up."

"Are your parents dead?"

"Yes. Both of them."

Sir Henry turned abruptly to him and said,

"Can you deny that your mother was a lady?"

"She was a lady," the lad answered stoutly. "But no more than her husband was a gentleman. They worked hard for their living. People in your class would not have called them gentry."

"My class! I am a gentleman—like you."

"Thank you," said the lad, for he knew his friend meant it.

But he was determined there should be no pretence and no misunderstanding.

"I was never," he said, "at a gentleman's school. I've not had much schooling—none since I was thirteen or so. If I am what you say, I learned it. I taught myself."

"One can only teach what one knows. Your pupil knew your lesson all along."

"No. But I knew directly, I always knew, which were gentlemen. And I copied. Can't you imagine a waiter in a restaurant or an hotel doing that—supposing he cared, and supposing he knew which was which?"

"I absolutely decline to believe you were ever a waiter," said Sir Henry with conviction.

"I never was. I was a clerk in a small house of business. And I went a lot to the theatre. Most of the gentlemen I saw were there—on the stage."

Sir Henry laughed.

"Well," he said, "Dukes are common on the stage—commoner than gentlemen, perhaps."

"I daresay. But don't you think an actor can act (if he *can* act) what he isn't himself? The words and thoughts aren't *his*, but the play-wright's: when a man plays Hamlet he hasn't to find the ideas, Shakespeare did that——"

"Do go on."

"No. I've said all I had to say."

Sir Henry laughed again, but he said half irritably,

"You often annoy me—by your obstinate silence."

"I'm sorry. I ought not to annoy you. You have been kind (kind's not the word) to me."

"And what have you been to me? Remember the man you saw in that chair, through the window! You have given me—life again. You stepped in there and brought a present in your hand—if you will open it, and give the present to me. I had nothing left. If you will give that to me I shall have the greatest earthly thing God ever sends a man—a son. He took away my wife's son, whom I would have made my own. He sent her and me no son. It was a gift so great I never dared to expect it. Now He sends it—in your hand. If you will open your hand. Will you? We are both lonely—you too. It hurts me to see you so gallant, but so utterly alone, in the world's jostle: it hurts me more than my own complete loneliness. What I know you are resolved to be I can help you to be. Will you let me be your father and teacher? Is that obstinate hand of yours clutched into a tight fist?"

"No," said Gilroy, opening it.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

POLICE-COURT REFORMS.

IT is not generally realized how profoundly the system of administering justice in what are ordinarily called "police-courts" throughout the country has been modified by recent Acts of Parliament. Ten years ago a period of substantial and far-reaching reforms was inaugurated by the statute authorizing "Probation of Offenders." In the following year "the Children Act" developed further the same humane principles, and finally the "Criminal Justice Administration Act" of 1914 set up new and untried methods of dealing in a liberal and hopeful spirit with persons who had made themselves liable to punishment.

When we speak of "crime" it is well to bear in mind that it is but a small element in the juridical sphere. The murderer, the burglar, or the felon—the reckless or deliberate "enemy of society"—is a relatively rare phenomenon. Though he bulks large in the public imagination, he is literally one of a thousand. It is not with *his* dramatic achievements that our stipendiaries and local magistrates are chiefly occupied, but with the little escapades, the domestic squabbles, the technical offences against municipal bye-laws, and the lapses from sobriety of ordinary citizens who in the main are tolerably respectable folk.

The excitement of a lawsuit is a luxury in which the poor are not unwilling to indulge. Mrs. A., though badly in want of a pair of boots, will not grudge the outlay of half-a-crown to serve a summons upon Mrs. B., who has too freely expressed her opinion of that lady's character; and when the neighbours (who heard and enjoyed the exchange of compliments) are all eager to give their version of the episode in the witness-box, the magistrate may be obliged to listen for half an hour to a string of more or less unvarnished testimonies before he is able to sum up the case with a comprehensive censure and inflict a slight penalty, or bind over both parties in the sum of forty shillings to keep the peace! The sacred cause of education has its thousands of martyrs. Johnny or Louisa has played truant, or has been kept at home

to mind the baby, or has been introduced prematurely to the labour market: a blue paper invites the father to answer for his neglect of duty, but it is the mother who attends the court and proffers a glib or a tearful defence. A respectable householder has dared to put up a coal-house in his back yard without leave obtained from the Council; or has put off too long the payment of his rates; or has had the misfortune to let his dog escape into the street without a collar bearing his owner's name and address;—a tradesman has allowed his goods to be exposed for sale on a few inches of the public pavement;—a carman dallies so long over his tea (let us say) that the horse develops a resolve to find his own way back to the stable;—a parcel of lads from a factory engage in an extemporaneous game of football in a by-road during their meal-time;—a cyclist's lamp is blown out by the wind within a hundred yards of his own door;—a *bon vivant* who has "met a few friends" is found in a recumbent attitude on the pavement;—a husband and wife have carried their domestic dissensions beyond the "nagging" point to mutual scratching and punching;—an errand boy pilfers from a parcel or a shopman from the till—it is in this way that the business of our inferior courts is swollen to enormous dimensions.

Wrongdoers of all degrees and varieties must, of course, be punished, and the customary method has been to inflict a fine plus the costs of the court, with the alternative of so many days or weeks in gaol if the penalty were not forthcoming. There was a beautiful simplicity about this mode of punishment, but it worked with appalling unfairness. Two men, found guilty of the same slight offence, were each fined five shillings. One, having the money in his pocket, walked out of the court immediately a free man. The other, unable to produce the cash, was sent to the cells below the court, kept until the van came to convey him and his fellows to the prison, and suffered the degradation of being treated as a criminal for a whole week, perhaps finding at the end of the time that he had lost his work as well as his self-respect. It is beyond question that this cruel and senseless system has worked as a devil's recruiting agency. For the prison is not a deterrent to crime after a man has once been there. He would do almost anything to escape imprisonment the first time; afterwards it does not seem to matter.

The prime object aimed at by the new "Criminal Justice Administration Act, 1914" was nothing less than to abolish,

as far as possible, imprisonment for small offences. We have now had two and a half years' experience of its working, and it is possible to say that a great change has actually been effected. Few Acts of Parliament can boast of having produced such a definite and salutary result. That result can be briefly put by stating that the familiar "Black Maria" is carrying far less than half the number of passengers it was conveying a few years ago between the police-court and the prison.

Owing to the immense flood of ready money that the war has poured out, delinquents are "paying up" better than ever before, even in the most prosperous times. Generally speaking, the victim of the law can produce with far greater ease than in normal times the few shillings in which he is mulcted. If his own pockets are empty, there is not infrequently a silent friend (of the feminine gender, as a rule) in the public gallery behind the dock who is prompt to meet the emergency. (Wonderful, indeed, is the spirit of comradeship and sacrifice that prevails among those who belong to the "lower class"!)

The new Act has greatly facilitated this by doing away with the scandal of "costs." Hitherto the court fees and police fees have had to be paid in addition to any fine that may have been imposed. Now they are consolidated; the offender knows that when he is fined ten shillings that is all he has to pay. "Costs" were variable and unknown; the bench itself could not say off-hand what they might amount to until the sum had been worked out by the clerk, and the defendant was often staggered to find that they more than doubled his penalty.

Again, if a part only of the fine be obtainable at once it is now enacted that the payment of that part *ipso facto* reduces the alternative imprisonment proportionately. For instance, a fine of ten shillings involves (ultimately) a term of seven days—really of six, for the day of hearing counts as one—in gaol. The culprit can pay five shillings down; thereupon the punishment he has to face, if the balance be not forthcoming, is only three days, and each of these days is separately priced, and may be bought off, at the proportionate figure of one shilling and eightpence.

It occasionally happens that a stubborn and indignant offender has the money in his pocket but refuses to part with it. Until now he has been allowed to be recalcitrant if he

would—to put the country to the expense of taking him to prison and maintaining him there. But the Act gives the power to search his pockets, extract the sum in which he has been mulcted, and set him at liberty in defiance of his own wish. It may not be known, but it is the truth, that there are quite a considerable number of ratepayers who habitually go to prison for a month in lieu of meeting the demand of their local authority. A certain type of man, and some women, deliberately prefer this simple and not excessively disagreeable method of paying their rates.

The cardinal section of the new Act is, however, the first, which makes it obligatory on a court of summary jurisdiction to *postpone* the committal to prison of an offender who is unable to pay a sum which he has been ordered to pay. Unless there be special reason to the contrary, which reason must be expressly stated by the bench, seven clear days at least must be given for payment, and this time may be extended on application to the court. Further, the penalty imposed may be made payable by instalments, in accordance with the means of the offender.

There is a "sweet reasonableness" about these provisions which has not hitherto been conspicuous in our juridical system. They imply a change of spirit more than of form, a deliberate intention to substitute methods of persuasion for those ancient methods, which have too long survived, of violent physical handling of the person against whom a breach of the law has been brought home. They imply, too, a plan for keeping strictly apart two distinct classes who heretofore have been jumbled together and treated in common—the casual offender and the out-and-out criminal. The gaol is to be reserved for the latter class exclusively; and the former is, in the last resort, when payment of the penalty is by no means manageable, to be detained in a revived form of Bridewell attached to the magistrates' court or the local police-station. The provision of these mild substitutes for the prison cell will take time, and, of course, money. That part of the Act consequently cannot be brought into operation yet, but it is unquestionable that the measures already taken amount to a valuable social reform, the effects of which cannot fail to benefit a large class of the community, and, indirectly, the nation at large.

W. B. LUKE.

PEACE.

N EARLY three years of war, over 8,000,000 lives sacrificed of soldiers alone, with proportionate numbers wounded, mutilated, and disabled, money and other material resources wasted to an incalculable extent, so that Europe for generations will be crippled with debt and social progress hampered on every side, all this waste and slaughter, finally, ever growing in volume—that is what the miscreants who engineered the world-conflict are responsible for: the politicians who thought that morality had nothing to say to international dealings, the militarists who believed that *Might is Right*. The Christian world—and Christian principles are often held where the name is repudiated—has resisted and is desperately resisting this diabolical philosophy, knowing now how necessary for the preservation of human liberty and prosperity is the guidance of the moral law. That is why it is impossible for us to cut our losses and consent to a drawn game: a sacrifice so great yet failing of its object would be a catastrophe beyond measure, whereas the vindication and re-establishment of outraged justice will be well worth even the price paid. Any lower motive than this—an ideal of national aggrandizement, for instance, or of increased trade—would be miserably inadequate, nay—positively criminal. America has done well by her emphatic repudiation of such gross aims to sanctify her entrance into the conflict, and the Russian visionaries, thinking not of the Teutonic leaders but of their oppressed and deluded peoples, are trying, by their formula of “no annexations and no indemnities,” in their blind fashion to do the same. The more terrible the war becomes, the more careful should we be to keep it, what we meant it to be at the outset, a holy war.

But the longing for peace is growing on all sides as the third year draws to a close. “Peace by negotiation” is the cry of the pacifists in our midst who have never taken our view of the war but cynically and foolishly thought the war-aims of both sides identical. If by negotiation one could extirpate militarism, exact reparation, secure permanent international harmony, then assuredly not another shot should be fired. But one does not negotiate with criminals in the very act of robbing and murdering: when they are handcuffed and in the dock then one may listen to pleas in mitigation. Still, those who are not convinced of the essential justice of the

Allied cause will naturally press for negotiation. The landless and dispossessed of all countries, whose lot under whatever government is hard, and who bear at home and in the field the greater burden of the war, are inevitably less keen about the vindication of justice—they are inured, poor things, to injustice—and may readily be persuaded to demand peace at any price. And beyond these there are signs that war-weariness is spreading amongst other classes. The rampant "profiteering," the shirking of military service, the open vice of our parks, all show that the high idealism of early days avails no longer to check the vilest selfishness: the very eagerness with which brutal reprisals for brutal attacks are advocated is another sign of the deterioration of the public mind. These are the inevitable results of prolonged warfare, and, unless something occurs to clear the moral atmosphere and raise the national ideals once more, the process will go on. And every day adds to the effects of other incidental evils. Family life is suffering a grievous weakening and a generation is growing up—father in the field, mother at munitions—deprived of its influence. Education is seriously hampered. The work of the Church at home and abroad is handicapped in many ways. Think of the depleted priesthood of France at a time when the work of religion becomes daily more necessary: think of our own emptying Seminaries and those of other religious bodies in this land where the labourers are so few. In every way the future is being heavily mortgaged and every day of war adds to the burden.

What wonder that he on whom rests the solicitude of all the Churches should be insistent in ingeminating peace. Europe is bleeding to death, because the wrongdoers will not or dare not acknowledge their wrong and enable a just peace to be established. What are we Catholics to do? Clamour for negotiation? *Ex hypothesi*, negotiation will not re-establish justice and destroy militarism as a principle: therefore it is useless unless, arms failing, we turn to it to make the best of a bad job. Join with foreign Catholics in advocating peace? People sometimes wonder why Catholics, who belong to an international organization, do not, as a matter of fact, like that parody of Catholicism, the *Internationale*, make some international effort to bring about the Holy Father's desires. The answer is that Catholicism is supra-national rather than international, and does not, like international Socialism, interfere with the natural virtue of

patriotism. Catholics would feel themselves guilty of treason if behind the backs of their Government they negotiated politically with enemy Catholics. They unite with all their brethren in prayer for a common end, the triumph of justice, though they differ in their estimate of what that triumph demands. As for Catholics on the side of the Allies, they must perforce associate themselves with Cardinal Mercier's answer to suggestions of peace-overtures made through Switzerland by certain German Catholics. Addressing the clergy of Malines, His Eminence said:

Those Catholics, who uttered no word of protest against German massacres, the shooting down of our priests, and the burning of open towns, who looked on with folded arms at the martyrdom of a formerly friendly nation, are now preaching Christian brotherhood and forgetfulness. But it is our duty to press for reparation for violated rights and the punishment of the guilty, and to devise means which shall make the repetition of such things impossible. Otherwise we should ourselves be guilty of the crime of our enemies, for whom we show our love by endeavouring to bring them to order and virtue. The hour of mercy can strike only when evil is confessed, repentance shown, and the penance imposed accepted. A personal crime might be forgiven without more ado, but this is a case in which the crime has been openly committed against an entire nation.

The crime, indeed, has been committed against humanity itself. It is our hatred for his sin which makes us press for the punishment of the unrepentant sinner. As long as there is no hope of this being effected except by arms, we must not relax our warlike efforts. Our one aim is the promotion of justice and the establishment of peace.

J. K.

THE SPIRIT OF REUNION AMONG THE PRESBYTERIANS.

THE indications are frequent that the sectarian spirit which loved to multiply separate religious communions is dying out and the spirit of reunion, which finds its ideal in a return to the old unity of religious communion, is proportionately spreading. All manifestations of this better spirit are worthy of being noted, and among them therefore the closing address delivered by Dr. Cooper, the Moderator for the present year of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, seems to call for a note of appreciation in our columns.

In this address, which was delivered on May 30, and reported in the Scottish papers for May 31, the Moderator took for his subject, "the Church of Scotland's Heritage." He began by claiming for his Church, just as do Anglicans for theirs, that it was an integral part of the Church Catholic throughout the world, and that in it "there had come down certain assets, material and moral, intellectual and spiritual, of immense value (were they but fully realized) not for their own members only, or for Scotland alone, but for other countries also and other Churches, and indeed for the whole Church Catholic"; and he submitted that there had come to them, partly through the war, and the deep and manifold human needs which the war had been revealing, a Divine call and a no less Divinely-given opportunity and responsibility to turn these assets to far greater account than they had done in the past. They no less than the larger part of the Church were heirs of a vast treasure accumulated by their fathers and brethren in Christ throughout all the Christian centuries, and he instanced that "we owe our parochial system, all our great churches and that General Assembly itself to the piety and wisdom of the Middle Ages." To this source likewise they owed the "system of the Christian Year, which for a time they had given up but to which they were now happily restoring, and which such of them as had tried to observe [Pasch and Yule] and the other sacred seasons had found to be a most valuable means for the systematic inculcation year by year of the basal facts of the Gospel." In the light of this experience they should learn "to recognize that there was a mine of devotional treasure in the Catholic past, and as Catholics they should feel themselves entitled to dig for it in other goldfields besides those of Scotland. Since all things are yours, they must be careful not to dislodge in ignorance old customs that were more truly Catholic than those they sought to introduce. They must avoid innovations that would hardly go with sober usages. Still less dare they venture to bring in practices wholly unknown to the Churches of God."

In this spirit Dr. Cooper went on to particularize things of great spiritual power which they could profitably assimilate. Such were the revival of the Weekly Eucharist, and of the "apostolic diaconate," which they could restore to a more primitive form. There was the revival of the practice of Confirmation which they were the only national Church in

the world to have laid aside. And, more generally, they must get to feel that "it was to the Church Catholic as the one Body that they were authorized to look for the teaching, the guidance, and the power of the One Spirit."

Later on he dwelt on "the really noble churches of Scotland," with a fondness of affection for those relics of mediæval Christianity which contrasts pleasingly with the ferocious spirit of the early post-Reformation period that destroyed so many of them as monuments of superstition and defiled so many others, and he asked that they should in the coming future be lovingly cherished, and restored to a usage more in keeping with that which prompted their erection, "for a cathedral is much more than an ecclesiastical museum; it is a spiritual instrument, if only they had the insight and love to turn it to account."

To Iona especially he referred in this connection, recalling how he and a friend had, on a recent visit, felt "the call of Iona," the voice, he meant to say, which seemed to sigh through its ruins as an appeal from the far-off saints who had made the place so powerful an instrument for the Christianizing of the north. His response to this appeal took the form of a proposal that the island might be converted into a seminary for the training, amidst such inspiring associations, of boys destined for the ministry of their country, where too, whilst the boys were away on their holidays, "their rooms might be available for devotional gatherings of ministers or missionaries on furlough desirous of rekindling their ardour amid the abiding memories of the mightiest of the apostles of our country."

As contrasting with this venerable Christian past, the Moderator alluded sadly to the distressing condition to which Scotland is now reduced, with the churches left so empty and the Christian instruction of the young by their parents gravely neglected, while new forms of fantastic error, theosophy and renascent spiritualism, find their happy hunting ground, and he attributed the evil change largely to "their ecclesiastical divisions."

And what should they say to these divisions? First of course what St. Paul said of them, that their existence (whatever might have been the cause of them or whoever might be most to blame for them) was a sign that they who should be walking in the spirit were carnal and walked as men. Among Christians should be no divisions: they should all speak the same thing, and be per-

fectly joined together in the same mind and the same judgment. Their divisions were each and all of them a sin against Christ. They presented to the world a visible Church lamentably different from that which in her early ages evoked the heathen's admiration—See how these Christians love one another. How thankful we should be that all over Christendom people have got sick of sectarianism, and bid men make haste and come together.

Yet with this intense desire for reunion he sees clearly that, "it cannot be lightly done. . . . Union is not to be obtained, said one of our ablest ministers recently taken from us, by toning down conviction or searching for ambiguous phrases. Peace must come through the truth—the truth as it is in Jesus stated, apprehended, grasped, with intense realization of the duties it imposes."

Dr. Cooper in due sequence went on to consider the problems and prospects of reunion that are before our age. He naturally took pride in the negotiations that were making progress between the Established Church of Scotland and the United Free Church, whilst on the other hand he bewailed "the miserable divisions that are now distracting the Highlands." He also expressed his longings for a not far distant time when the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian Churches of Scotland may be brought together. But he showed that his reunionist dreams extend far beyond these limits.

It is no longer possible to confine our views to Scotland. . . . Was not the least that we could offer to our Blessed Lord a United Church for a United Empire. . . . And a yet wider union already opened to their sight, the one union of which their Saviour spoke—a union of all who believed in Him. We could no longer think of omitting from the hope of it either the orthodox Church of the East or the great Roman Catholic Communion of the West, which had all along been missionary, and of whose great work in Scotland—educational, charitable, and among our immigrant populations, Irish, Italian, Polish, Lithuanian—we ourselves were witnesses. Be these Churches ever so much in error yet we were not to suppose that error would endure for ever. And both they saw more clearly every day had more in them than errors. Thank God neither of them had ever swerved from the fundamental truths of Christianity, while at this moment the two most notable ministers in Christendom were the Roman Catholic Cardinal Mercier of Belgium and the Orthodox Father Nicholas of Serbia.

These surely are words which, as coming from such a source, enlist our sympathies for those who use them. And

if there should be a section among our readers who tell us they can find sympathy only for those who embrace the whole truth, let them bear in mind sedulously that it is God the Holy Ghost who leads men gradually into all truth, and that it is not for us in our precipitancy to drive people to go in front of His leading. And it is surely sufficient to win our sympathy when we find an important section of the Scottish Presbyterians led at length to recognize (1) that sectarian divisions are a grave evil the outcome of which is to be seen in the spreading irreligion and fantastic errors of the present age; (2) that our Lord's ordinance was that there should be but one religious communion in which all believe what He taught and therefore all believe alike; (3) that such a unity of communion can be restored because He ordained it, and should be restored; (4) that no solid basis for such a restoration can be found in ambiguous formulas which different sections among the reunited understand differently; (5) that the old Church of the past, from which the ancestors of those who form the membership of the existing sects went out, still exercise a sacred fascination over those of the present generation by the memories that survive of the fine spirit of the apostles whom it sent forth, of the venerable churches which even in their ruins still testify to the beauty of its conceptions, and by the zeal which it manifests now as much as ever in those who still adhere to it and work on its behalf.

S. F. S.

A NEW FREAK RELIGION.

NO feature in the decaying fabric of Roman Imperialism was more emphasized than the continuous influx of Oriental superstitions. It is ominous that something very similar seems to be going on around us to-day. Theosophy and Christian Science, New Thought and Higher Thought, Magic white and black, Spiritualism under a score of different aspects, Dowieism and Pastor Russellism, not to speak of a crowd of minor novelties all trading upon man's curiosity concerning the mystic and occult, have pervaded the English-speaking world, working very largely by underground channels. So far as we can see the best hope of an effective antidote lies in publicity. Daylight and the open air, with perhaps a spice of ridicule, form admirable disinfectants, and it is for this reason that we call attention in this fugitive note to the latest

freak religion which has come to our notice. In itself it is probably quite unworthy of even the brief space we devote to it, but it is a sign of the times.

The organization referred to, which appears to be one of the numerous developments of New Thought, itself a remote derivative of Christian Science, obviously makes its appeal to that quest of pseudo-mysticism now so much in vogue. The whole movement announces itself under five separate headings; thus—

- THE SCHOOL OF SILENCE
Founded October 23, 1907.
- THE SCHOOL OF SILENCE SETTLEMENT
Founded May 17, 1913.
- THE ORDER OF SILENCE
Founded November 21, 1913.
- THE GUILD OF SILENCE
Founded May 15, 1915.
- THE JUNIOR SCHOOL OF SILENCE
Founded May 15, 1915.

Of the genesis of the undertaking we must confess our ignorance, but to judge by an advertisement inserted in the prospectus which is circulated with certain reserves amongst those who contemplate seeking admission into the School or Order, the organizing brain is that of the lady who describes herself as "the Warden Maranatha" or "Sister Maranatha." As the meaning of the word Maranatha is one of the recognized problems of New Testament criticism, the name lends itself to many "metaphysical interpretations," in Mrs. Eddy's phraseology, and is in any case suggestive of a highly sublimated mysticism. Dr. Martin Luther, in his downright way, said that *maranatha* meant "accursed to death," and the Genevan version of 1557 translated the last part of I Cor. xvi. 22 as "Let him be had in execration, yea excommunicate to death";¹ but this is presumably not the view of the lady who has chosen to be so designated. The name of the other Lady Warden, we may note, is not, as might have been expected, Sister Anathema, but Sister Diana Marius. Of all the thirty ladies mentioned in the booklet the Warden, Sister Maranatha, presumably for distinction's sake, is the only member who is content with a single appellative. All the rest are designated by double-barrelled combinations upon

¹ The more commonly received modern opinion is that *maranatha* is admonitory, and means, "O Lord, come," i.e., to justify my words.

which much thought has evidently been bestowed. For example, we have Sister Veronica Hermes, Sister Anemone Stephen, Sister Griselda St. Peter, Sister Una Felician, Sister Daphne St. Ambrose, etc., etc. It is interesting to find the following explicit statement in the Prospectus:

'NAMES. Each student is allowed to choose a new name on joining the school.

A copy of the names already chosen and registered is kept by the Secretary.

Obviously this matter of name selection is put forward as a special attraction, and no doubt the plan is justified by its results. Imagine what balm it would bring to the susceptible soul of Mary Anne Stubbins, let us say, to be permitted to assume the style and title of Sister Polyxena Dolores, O.S., or Sister Castalia St^e. Barbe, O.S. Even quite Ultramontane sources of inspiration do not seem to be barred. Thus we have Sister Elizabeth Loyola as well as Sister Sophia Dominic, not to speak of Brother Ignatius Maria. Male members, it will thus be seen, are not debarred from participating in the privileges of the Order of Silence, though their names are relegated to a position of proper subservience at the foot of the lists. When among the members of the General Council we find the name of Sister Clare St. Anthony, followed after a brief but respectful interval by that of Brother Anthony St. Clare, we seem to be on the track of a romance, but the views of the Order regarding the delicate theme of courtship and marriage are not made clear.

Another feature which is evidently calculated to make an appeal to the feminine susceptibilities is the all-important question of chiffons. No details are vouchsafed to gratify profane curiosity, but the following paragraph in the Prospectus opens out an alluring prospect:

SCHOOL OF SILENCE HABIT. Students who wish to wear the Habit of Silence may apply to one of the Dress Ministrants for the regulations and patterns.

The form is the same for all grades both in the School and in the Order.

The colour degrees are:

Members I Grey.	Ministrants I Violet.
Members II Green.	Ministrants II Gold.
Members III Blue.	Ministrants III White.

Graduates Rose.

Ministrants of the Order also wear the Seal of their Degree.

Only registered students of the School are entitled to wear the Habit of the Brothers and Sisters of Silence, and these should not do so until they understand its inner meaning.

It might easily be inferred from the quotations made above that the Order of Silence is nothing more than a rather crazy mutual admiration society equipped with certain mystifying observances and a form of ritual, akin perhaps to English Freemasonry in its origin and scope. This however would be, we think, to underestimate the spiritual pretensions of the Warden Maranatha and her followers. They really profess to teach a new form of worship in which is involved the secret of spiritual self-development. Witness such passages from the Prospectus as the following:

The School of Silence was founded October 23^d, 1907, for the purpose of studying the Life and Works of Jesus Christ.

The method of study in the School is the Way of Silence or Creative Meditation (sic) upon the Divine Word, for the regeneration of soul and body and the attainment of Spiritual Consciousness or Christhood.

We do not profess to interpret the meaning of these cryptic utterances. We content ourselves with copying them faithfully, preserving the capital letters of the original. Neither do we derive very much more light as to the nature and work of the Order of Silence from the following explanation:

In the Silence Hours no oral teaching is given and no questions are received. The subject of Meditation is spoken by the Ministrant and Silence of mind and body is practised for half an hour, when all may quietly leave, but any who so desire may remain for a further half hour's practice.

The Way of Silence, as taught and practised in the School, is in itself a protection from all forms of "suggestion," "influence," or "control," inasmuch as every faithful student learns to live by the original inspiration of his own Divine Self, the One and Only Master.

That pantheistic principles of the most subversive kind lie at the root of the phraseology of this last sentence can hardly be doubted. Mrs. Eddy's (or rather P. P. Quimby's) teaching of "God, spirit, the one and only substance," is constantly re-echoed in all these derivative cults which have cut adrift from the rigid conservatism of the Boston Board of Directors. To Christian Science the Warden Maranatha

seems indebted also for a form of spiritual exercise highly suggestive of "absent treatment," as we learn in the following paragraph:

Silent Ministry is given by appointment only. Its purpose is individual regeneration through the development of the latent Spiritual nature. Each Ministry lasts for fifteen minutes, and in case of illness or other emergency may be taken absently, but, as a rule, Silent Ministry is given only to those who are studying regularly at the School for at least three months in each year.

But we have spent enough, perhaps more than enough, space upon this extravagant counterfeit of Catholic mysticism. Let us conclude with the parting remark that, as in the case of Mrs. Eddy's great creation, the financial aspects of the present venture seem to have attracted the careful attention of the promoters. It may serve to check the rush of indiscreet aspirants if the warning be given that the very varied course of instruction, extending from Meditation, Psychology, Chemistry, languages (including Greek and Russian) to Rhythmic, Shoemaking, Cricket and Football, etc., etc., is not offered to students without adequate remuneration.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**Major
Redmond.**

By the death in action last year of Lieut. T. M. Kettle, Ireland lost in defence of the Commonwealth one of the most brilliant of her young public men whose services would have been invaluable in the coming settlement. And now one of her veteran leaders, Major William Redmond, has even more heroically laid down his life in the same high cause. These men looked upon this war as a crusade, and saw in it, not the clash of contending ambitions both equally unjustifiable, but the sudden and desperate reaction of the spirit of liberty against the gross menace of Teutonic despotism. Both saw the true character of that atheistic power in the very first act of the war—the incredibly-brutal violation of weak and innocent Belgium. No memory of the secular wrongs of their own little land could thenceforth blind these men to the issues involved, and they had with them at the start the vast majority of their countrymen. In their eyes, moreover, subsequent Governmental blunders regarding

Ireland did not change the character of the struggle or remove the necessity of destroying the menace of militarism. Rather they felt that comradeship in this crusade would prove the speediest and surest and most lasting means of reconciliation not only between England and Ireland but also between the different sections of the Irish people themselves. For this end they fought and died—not, we trust, in vain. Certainly Major Redmond's heroic death has called forth a remarkable chorus of appreciation from every shade of religious and political opinion. His staunch Catholicism and genuine patriotism could not fail to win universal respect, and perhaps the most valuable lesson of his career is that Catholicism means loyalty to righteous authority and that "Nationalism" does not mean the cult of racial hatred.

**The State
of
Russia.**

The Russian Revolution is having a very curious aftermath. The natural reaction from the extreme of autocracy is to the extreme of anarchy, and doubtless the anarchists whom the former regime had inevitably generated, feel that now their time has come, not to rule, for that would be against their principles, but to declare their independence of all rule. This disposition would be an awkward thing to deal with even in peace time, but when a country is in the throes of a great war, its prevalence would be disastrous. Happily, so far as the news doled out to us goes, the pendulum has stopped for the present in its swing at Socialism of some sort. The new Government has a strong Socialistic element, and its policy is dictated to some extent by Socialistic organizations outside itself. Up to this time only vague rumours have reached this country of the confiscation of property which logically marks the inauguration of a Socialistic regime. The confusion is probably too great to allow any one definite policy to prevail, whether in regard to home or foreign affairs, but the practical result is that Russia for the moment is out of the war. We need not deplore the Revolution on that account: the former system was so derogatory to human dignity that its abolition is cheaply purchased by a temporary disorganization. The danger is lest Socialist despotism should replace bureaucratic, and that the Russian people should only exchange one yoke for another, for Socialism is in essence as destructive of human liberty as is Absolutism. Meanwhile the bonds of discipline in the army have been so loosened by the Socialistic spirit that its value as a fighting machine has disappeared. It is not to be expected that the Russian masses are acquainted with history; otherwise history would tell them that liberty can only be preserved by law, and, in a fallen world, can only be vindicated by disciplined force.

**The Spread
of
Socialism.**

It is not only in the vast amorphous bulk of Russia that the sudden draught of freedom has produced strange disorders. The Socialism of the world—the old *Internationale* itself—which was probably at the root of the outbreak, has begun to manifest its activities everywhere. And we have the curious spectacle of the democratic Governments of Europe looking on impotently or reluctantly lending a hand whilst certain sections of their subjects discuss *la haute politique* with the citizens of other countries, neutrals as well as allies, and even indirectly with enemies. Such a public usurpation of the functions of government would have been unthinkable before the war, or even before the Revolution. The oddly-named body—the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates—which sprang into prominence after the overthrow of the Tzar, and disputed authority with the Provisional Government, set an example which has been widely followed. One of the portents of the Socialist Congress at Leeds on June 3rd was the projected formation of an English "Workmen's and Soldiers' Council" on the Russian model, with branches in every town, urban and rural district, having for object the securing an "immediate democratic peace." It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of this Congress, which, despite the presence of some Labour and Trade-Union delegates, has no claim to represent the working-class of this country. Still this would seem to be the first public attempt of the Red International to dictate the foreign policy of this country, and we may be sure that it will not be the last. It is the natural and deplorable result of that oppression of the workers which has for so long been the prevalent feature of the industrial world. For centuries under various polities, monarchical, aristocratic, bureaucratic or plutocratic, the political power has been the appanage of men who governed mainly in their own interests and ignored, except under pressure, those of the workers. Consequently, now that the latter are coming into power, they in turn are apt to look upon themselves as the whole nation and ignore the rights of the bourgeoisie. The immediate necessity of statesmanship is to unite all classes by destroying all trace of privilege which does not carry with it evidence of service, responsibility and merit. There may yet be time to stave off revolution here: the war has gone far to emphasize common interests; has shown that the rich are willing in a crisis to shoulder the common burdens; has largely broken down the barriers erected by class-snobbery, envy and suspicion. The efforts of all patriots must be united to maintain and further this national harmony. The alternative in after-war conditions will surely be class-antagonism carried to an unprecedented pitch of intensity.

**The Danger
of
Revolution.**

Not that we anticipate any movement towards republicanism such as Mr. Wells, that eminent but somewhat vague sociologist, would have us prepare for. A world-wide organization like the British Commonwealth is much too heterogeneous for such a form of Government. The constitutional Monarchy affords the ideal centre of allegiance for quasi-independent democracies like Australia and empires like India. And now that the Monarchy is becoming more and more domestic and cutting itself off from that Royal caste which has in the past deserved so ill of Europe and caused by its dynastic pretensions so many wars, it may count on receiving a new lease of life and a higher efficiency. The danger will not arise from any anti-monarchical sentiment but from a much more formidable source—a feeling of injustice engendered by a conviction that the “masses” are being exploited by the “classes.” The masses are no longer inarticulate, no longer unorganized, no longer content with their lot of labour. Christianity as represented by the official Church or by the dissenting sects makes little appeal to them, although Christian tradition still has some hold. But once let them become convinced that there is no other world to redress the wrongs of this, no other goods than those they can see and seize here, no laws save those made by the rich, and they would not be human if they did not revolt. Democracy must be made a real thing, and plutocracy abolished if the dangers of revolutionary Socialism are to be averted.

**Immoral Political
Economy.**

Sympathy with the multitudes “because they were distressed and scattered about like sheep without a shepherd”¹ was a characteristic of the Redeemer; consequently, the true Christian cannot but feel compassionate towards the vast populations of this once Christian land who are now deprived of authentic moral guidance, and in their struggle for a livelihood are often faced by what seems to them powerful and organized injustice. They are keen about increased wages, war-bonuses and the like, just as their employers are keen about increased profits. If we claim a right to denounce selfishness, materialism and avarice, let our first anathemas be directed against those whose education should have taught them that property (of whatever sort) has its duties as well as its rights. It is organized society that makes it possible to accumulate and retain wealth; wealth, therefore, should rightly be used so as to benefit society. The character of our industrial and commercial life makes it possible to acquire great riches by taking an unfair proportion of the products of labour. That is a sign that industry and commerce is governed by im-

¹ Matt. ix. 36.

moral principles, those of the "Orthodox" Economists which we have so often denounced and which are still taught in non-Catholic text-books. Mr. Lilly has well characterized their so-called "laws" regarding competition, prices, profits, rents, as mere "hypothetical statements of the way in which covetousness operates."¹ On covetousness, "the sin by which a man desires to have or to retain in undue measure,"² the whole philosophy of the Manchester school is based, with the natural result that the strong exploit the weak and wealth accumulates while men decay. "The employer," says Jevons,³ "is, generally speaking, right in getting work done at the lowest possible cost." This is a plain and frank denial of the *duty* incumbent on the employer to treat his workmen as human beings and to pay for their labour that *justum pretium* on which Catholic economists have always insisted. The labourer is entitled to a living wage in the sense so often defined, and he has a right to revolt against and seek to modify industrial conditions which prevent his getting it. On this foundation the coming reconstruction of society must be based; those who do not recognize its validity and oppose it are doing what in them lies to provoke a catastrophe.

The Fusion of Labour and Capital.

Eminently wise and prudent, therefore, is the movement which aims at removing the fictitious antagonism between labour and capital, either by enabling workers to share in the profits of their labour or by bringing masters and men into immediate and friendly conference on all matters concerning their mutual welfare. On May 22nd there was formally constituted in London a "National Alliance of Employers and Employed," consisting of a number of great manufacturers and representatives of the chief trade-unions. We may be sure that the gospel of Adam Smith, Ricardo and Co. will not be held as sacred by that Alliance. A more significant expression of the same tendency is that to which Lord Henry Bentinck called attention in a notable letter to *The Times* for June 6th. Therein he quotes largely from a Memorandum issued by the "National Associated Building Trades' Council," which, after deploring that "since the days of the industrial revolution the relations between employers and employed have been based upon antagonism, coercion and resistance," resulting in sweating, defective output and other disorders, declares that "the hope of the future undoubtedly lies in the intimate and continuous association of both management and labour, not for the negative purpose of adjusting differences but for the positive purpose of promoting the progressive im-

¹ *Idola Fori*, p. 206.

² St. Thomas, 2-2, 118, 1.

³ *Primer of Political Economy*, p. 67.

provement of their industrial service." Francis Newman, who wrote in his *Lectures on Political Economy* of the "grand and noble moral theorem" that "the Laws of the Market which individual interest generates are precisely those which tend best to the universal benefit," would have shuddered at this proposal, which, combining justice and common sense, shows how completely his "moral theorem" was devoid of either. The prevalence of his view, in practice as well as in theory, also shows that the immoral character of the "ethics of the jungle" which he enunciates, and which Germany is practising in the international sphere, is not yet fully recognized in the sphere of economics.

**The Scandal of
"Profiteering."**

The outcry against "profiteering" which—the abuse as well as the protest,—has been continuous from the start of the war grows louder. It goes against every humane and decent human instinct that commercial profits should be increased by the universal disaster of war, for the excess represents blood-money, the product of wounds, mutilation and death. The scandal of fraudulent army contracts which occurred early in the war has not, as far as we know, gone on. But there can be no doubt, it is acknowledged by those who have the means of knowing, that tradesmen and manufacturers are taking advantage of the crisis to exact excessive prices for food from the consumer. Speaking in the debate on Food Prices in March, 1915, Mr. Bonar Law declared that so long as there were huge profits on the one side and on the other starving people he would pay no regard to doctrinaire or academic principles in seeking a remedy. Alas! for these brave words. The abuse has grown greater during these two years, and the principles which prevented the relief of starving Ireland in 1846-7 are still apparently operative, whilst the appointment of a Food Controller had the singular effect of causing prices to rise. According to the Board of Trade *Labour Gazette*, retail prices for food have more than doubled since July, 1914. If this were due to actual scarcity no one could legitimately complain: as it is seemingly due, in regard to the chief necessities of life, to speculation, holding up supplies, "rigging the market" in various ways by rings and trusts, can we wonder that such an irritant, daily and almost hourly applied, has roused the working-class and the less well-to-do all over the country to dangerous unrest? The new Controller, Lord Rhondda, has declared that "the man who seeks to profit by the necessities of his country at this hour of our peril . . . is nothing short of a blackmailer and must be treated as such." The country is eagerly expecting the condign punishment of these blackmailers. Mr. Hoover in America has assured the Senate that the public there have been robbed in five months to the extent of

£50,000,000 by food-speculators, which is a startling disclosure of the widespread character of the abuse.

**The Incidence
of the
Excess Profits
Tax.**

It is sometimes urged that the Government's action in taking, first 50 %, and now 80 % of the excess profits of the various commercial concerns has mitigated the evil of "profiteering" by removing the temptation to huge gains. Alas! the effect has been the reverse: the profiteer is only the more anxious to increase his gains and therefore puts his prices higher. In other words this particular tax is only an indirect way of taxing the unfortunate consumer. With commercial morality as it is, the incidence of every tax is passed on, if possible, to the ultimate buyer. It is our Manchester economics in practice. The consumer is "sweated" just as the labourer is, and he has no trade-union to protect him. The £140,000,000 raised by the Exchequer last year, as its share of excess profits, was practically taken from the pockets of the public. The only way to stop "profiteering" is to do what Lord Rhondda is credited with proposing two or three years ago, viz., confiscate excess profits altogether, declare that the pre-war rate, or an average of pre-war rates, should be the standard, and that all over this should pass to the State for the conduct of the war. That, if applied first to the manufacturers and wholesale dealers, would immediately remove the scandal of exorbitant prices which to those on the poverty-line mean practical starvation. The workers are beginning to demand the conscription of wealth,¹ i.e., the financing of the war as far as possible not by the loans but by the "benevolences" of the rich. Declarations of profits such as the two million pounds netted by the White Star Line last year and the swollen dividends of other great industries, give a certain force to this demand. Equality of sacrifice is an impossible ideal, but it should be possible to prevent some citizens making their fortunes out of a calamity in which others are losing their all.

**The Purchase
of Titles.**

It was cruel of *The Times*² to choose the very morning which saw the ranks of our old nobility replenished by "three viscounties, five baronies, twenty-five baronetcies and fifty knight-hoods" to pen a scathing leader on purchased honours and to call for an audit of party funds. Yet, while many applauded and approved of its action, no one has ventured to say a word in defence of a venal system whereby the fount of honour is stirred

¹ Resolution of the "Triple Industrial Alliance" (Railwaymen, Miners, and Transport Workers) at a Conference held on June 21st.

² June 4th.

into activity, like any Icelandic geyser, by the casting in of sundry pieces of metal. Another paper went even further and suggested that the reasons for all the peerages created during the past twenty years should be published, a suggestion which must have caused many noble lords to shudder. Titles for money—the thing cannot be defended: it is so disgraceful to both parties that only independent politicians like Mr. Belloc, and only fearless papers like the *New Witness*, dared to mention it, until this thunderbolt from *The Times*, a very Saul among the prophets. To dishonour the King, the House of Peers and all the existing orders of chivalry in order to fill the party coffers—surely this is a strange object-lesson to a democracy no longer apt to accept without criticism the acts of its Government. What indeed becomes of democracy if the right to legislate can be purchased for oneself and one's descendants to the end of time with money made by selling groceries or beer? What becomes of free election if large secret funds are possessed by each party to secure the return of candidates of their choice and for other less avowable purposes? His Majesty, as if desirous of providing honours which an honourable person need not be ashamed to accept, has just created two new orders of chivalry for services to the commonwealth: let us hope that in these cases such services will never consist in simply financing the party in power. It is fitting that great deeds and great sacrifices should be recognized by titles and decorations. If willingness to part with superfluous wealth is also to be similarly rewarded, let a special Order of Mammon be forthwith established with the golden calf as appropriate crest.

**The Political
Enfranchisement
of Woman.**

(The great war which, as it were incidentally, effects tremendous changes such as the overthrow of Tzardom and the emancipation of Ireland, is even more prolific in domestic revolutions.

None perhaps is of greater moment than the admission of women over 30, who are otherwise qualified, to the parliamentary franchise which was passed in the House of Commons on June 19th by 385 votes to 55. This change is computed to add to the register six million new voters, of whom five million are married. Nothing, we suppose, but the fear of adding so many more that the male element would be swamped made the House fix the voting age at 30. Logically that position is untenable. If women are intellectually fitted to vote at all they attain that fitness, owing to their speedier development, earlier than men, and therefore should, if anything, be enfranchised sooner. And as for feminine preponderance, the fear of it supposes that voting will generally be according to sex, whereas we trust that the sex antagonism, largely stimulated by the denial of the franchise, will tend to disappear. We believe on the whole that the new element will make for honesty and justice in public

life. True, "emancipated" women are worse than "emancipated" men; and your female bigot, be she religious or rationalist, is bitterer far and more unfair than the male type; but they are relatively few. The safety of society rests upon the sanctity and integrity of the home, and woman loves and appreciates and will preserve and defend home-life better than the mere man.

**The Clamour for
Reprisals.**

Of course, the recent German air-raids on Folkestone and London, with their train of murders of innocent non-combatants, have aroused a loud clamour for "reprisals." The first impulse of the "natural" man is to demand "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." That is, in fact, the demand of a certain Captain Tupper of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, who declared, on June 18th, that we must say to Germany—"If you kill our women and children then we have got to kill yours." It is the demand of equally eminent moralists in the press, best typified by Mr. Hall Caine,¹ who urge us to be "swift, bloody and unrelenting," to get rid of "maudlin sentimentalism," "to smash to pulp the German old men, women and children," "not to play about with sentiment, mock religion and squeamishness," and so on *ad nauseam*. An Anglican vicar, in the *Daily Sketch*, justifies all this bloodthirstiness by the singular plea that "all war is against the laws of God," and therefore there is no question of morality in the matter at all. Not to be outdone in muddle-headedness, a Free Church dignitary² says "there is no course open to us but that of fighting the enemy with his own weapons," and goes on to explain that, though prepared to turn the other cheek personally, "if a man attacked my children, I should knock the brute down without the slightest hesitation." As if that desperate resolve were in the least to the point! Would not the German method which he urges us to emulate be rather to assault the brute's children? Equally cogent is the logic of the resolution passed at a London meeting on Sunday, June 17th, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, which, after expressing "utter abhorrence of the German method of warfare by the murder of innocent women and children in air-raids on open towns and cities," and speaking of "the inhumanity and cruelty of these dastardly and criminal attacks," calls upon the Government to go and do likewise "by systematic and ruthless reprisals!"

**The Morality of
the Question.**

Happily, amid all this ill-judged and excited clamour, the voice of reason has not been silent. Correspondents in the press have protested against our staining our hands by murder on any pretext whatever. Others less logically have said that if

¹ See *The Sunday Herald*, May 25th: not that the phrases quoted above are his.

² *The Times*, June 19th.

such attacks could be prevented by reprisals they would tolerate the means. Others again have pointed out the futility of entering into a competition in savagery with a barbarous enemy. It was left to the Archbishop of Canterbury to set forth the Christian view of the matter, which he did in an excellent letter published in *The Times* for June 22nd. It would have been still more excellent if a clearer distinction had been made between the character of the thing done and the motive, both of which affect morality. If the thing done is evil in itself, the motive cannot alter its moral quality. The aims of our reprisalists are for the most part excellent: they want to punish, they want to deter, both quite lawful motives. But they are not so careful in seeing that the means chosen to accomplish these aims are also lawful. A feature of the earlier German outrages in Belgium was systematic rape: all will agree that it would have been unlawful for our Russian allies, for instance, to commit similar outrages in East Prussia by way of retaliation or restraint. If the intentional killing by aeroplane bombs of women and children in undefended enemy towns (or the killing of sailors in neutral merchant ships by mine or torpedo) is strictly murder, as we believe it is, then, no excellence of motive can make it anything else. It is often loosely said that this is a war of nation against nation, and that therefore killing need not be confined to the combatant and auxiliary forces, but this, we think, would justify every German excess that had a distinct military advantage. The out-and-out reprisalist then, such as finds voice in the Lord Mayor's resolution, is faced with this dilemma: what the Germans do is either morally lawful or unlawful; if lawful, then we cannot rightly complain, but may retaliate in the same fashion if we wish; if morally unlawful, then we cannot rightly imitate them but must seek satisfaction and provide deterrents in some other way. We cannot fairly make the German out to be an inhuman and criminal brute and at the same time emulate his conduct. Happily there are many other ways of deterring and punishing: we can multiply our airmen at the Front; we can bomb all the "hornets' nests" along the coast; we can destroy the foe's communications, his ammunition-dumps, his munition-works, his rest-camps, above all, his aerodromes. We can make it plain that the first and most immediate result of his raids of frightfulness on English cities is a more intense aerial activity at the seat of war, where after all he has to be beaten.

**Other Views of
"Reprisals."**

We cannot in fairness omit to say that all reprisalists are not of the slaughter-their-women-and-children type. There is the quite intelligible view of those who maintain that, now that the Germans have thrown over all the conventions of civilized

warfare, we may do the like, if we find it to our military advantage. These reprisalists maintain that the distinction between defended and undefended towns is one of *mere* convention, adopted, like the forbidding of poison-gas and fire-shells, for reasons of humanity, (not because of the Divine law) to restrict the area of military operations, to lessen suffering, and to spare the lives of non-combatants. Consequently, the crime of Germany consists in merely violating human conventions, conventions not involving the moral law, for her own military advantage. This view, as we have said before,¹ whilst mitigating on the one hand Germany's guilt, leaves us, on the other, free to disregard those conventions ourselves for sound military reasons. We do not share that view, because we hold that the Divine prohibition is in possession, and that very cogent reasons should be produced to justify the direct killing of any persons who do not belong to the enemy's armed or auxiliary forces or are not immediately engaged in the prosecution of the war.

Another view, which turns on a question of fact, maintains that, so widespread has the preparation for war become, every considerable town may be looked upon as containing manufactories of war-equipment of one form or another, or as billeting soldiers or training recruits. So such places may be bombarded as of military consequence, and incidentally the civil inhabitants thereby exposed to the risk of destruction. In this view London, as the seat of Government and the centre of all military operations, is a fair object of attack, and so is Berlin and every German town where war-work is carried on. If this view can be maintained, it clears away many ethical difficulties, for the injury done to civilians becomes indirect, *præter intentionem*, and therefore justified, supposing proportionately great military advantages. It would only remain for the authorities to settle whether this promiscuous bombing would in reality have the expected effect of restraining the Hun. All surmises based on the psychology of a whole people are necessarily uncertain. All we know is that the French raid on Karlsruhe, where the casualties are said to have exceeded anything England has witnessed, and the recent raid on Freiburg have not, as a matter of fact, restrained him, but on the contrary spurred him on.

**The War
and the
Foreign Missions.**

One of the reasons out of the multitude why we should pray for the speedy and satisfactory ending of the war is the desperate state of many of our foreign missions. Death takes its usual toll of their members, but those who would naturally fill their ranks are occupied in other more deadly fields, and an even greater deficit in financial support goes along with loss of *per-*

¹ See THE MONTH, Jan. 1916, p. 86.

sonnel. A pathetic account reaches us from the Bengal Mission which illustrates both these effects. One can imagine the feelings of those in the midst of the ripening harvest debarred by lack of men and money from garnering the precious grain. To pray for peace, then, is but another way of asking the Lord of the harvest to provide labourers. To send alms,¹ at the cost it may be of some sacrifice, is to infuse into our prayer an element which will greatly add to its efficacy.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Catholic Church, Membership of the : how constituted [*Tablet*, June 23, 1917, p. 781].

Morality and Race Suicide ; the case of France [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, March 15, April 15, 1917 ; *Month*, June, 1917, p. 546].

"Parousia" The [Cardinal Bellot in *Etudes*, June 5 and 20, 1917].

St. Thomas and Kant : true and false philosophy [L. Roure in *Etudes*, June 20, 1917, p. 778].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Crucifixes as War Memorials : Protestant wrath at [C.B.N., May, 1917, p. 153].

Education : Discrimination against Catholic Secondary Schools [Canon Driscoll, reported in *Universe*, June 8, 1917].

Luther and Lying [H. Thurston, S.J. in *America*, May 12, 1917, p. 107 ; His Life-work *Ibid*, May 19, 1917, p. 131]. [His essential intolerance : J. Husslein, S.J. *Ibid* May 26, 1917, p. 157.]

Rationalists and the Pope [*Universe* June 8, 1917].

Socialism in France and in Germany [Jean Maxe in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, May 1, 1917, p. 145].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Argentina, Through Catholic [G. J. Rinsche in *The Queen's Work*, May, 1917, p. 187].

Donnelly, The late Eleanor, Poetess [T. M. Schwertner, O.P. in *Catholic World*, June, 1917, p. 352].

Ecuador, Catholicism in [Rev. J. Decorme in *The Queen's Work*, June, 1917, p. 215].

France and Holy See : Movement for restoration of Diplomatic Relations [*Tablet*, June 9, 1917, p. 716].

International Law, Growth of [C. G. Fenwick in *America*, April 14, 1917, p. 10].

Panslavism and the Church [G. Calavassy in *America*, May 12, 1917, p. 108].

Peace, The Sanctions of [Canon Barry in *Dublin Review*, April, 1917, p. 173].

Soloviev : the Russian Newman [T. Gerrard in *Catholic World*, June, 1917, p. 321].

Sweated Labour in New York [P. Blakely, S.J. in *America*, May 12, 1917, p. 123].

¹ Alms for this specific object may be sent to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, 162, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W. 1.

REVIEWS

I—ST. OPTATUS OF MILEVIS¹

FATHER VASSALL-PHILLIPS has just given us a translation and a welcome edition of the treatise of St. Optatus of Milevis, *De Schismate Donatistarum*. In his introduction he apologizes for having given the text of his English translation only and not also of the original Latin. He would have liked to give both, that the reader might throughout have both before his eyes, but the question of expense had to be considered, and so he has had to give the text of the translation only, which, as he observes, is the first English translation of this treatise that has been published; he has, however, been solicitous to supply in the footnotes the original Latin of any clauses or words that could offer any difficulty. No doubt for scholars the original text is a necessity which, not finding in this volume itself, they will have to seek elsewhere; for instance, in Migne's *PP.LL.*, where it is given in the revised text of Dupin; or in Ziwsa's *Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum*, where it is revised on the basis of the Petrograd fifth or sixth century MS. On the other hand there will be many interested readers who will be glad to have so good a translation in their hands, and will find that of itself quite sufficient. They will find too that Father Vassall-Phillips' notes and other explanatory comments furnish them with all the needful subsidiary matter requisite for understanding the questions treated.

The Donatist Schism broke out in 311 when, on the death of Mensurius, Bishop of Carthage and Primate of Africa, Cæcilianus was elected to succeed him. There was no real impediment in the way of this succession, but an intrigue was formed at the instigation of a rich but jealous woman named Lucilla, and the objection was set up that the orders of Cæcilianus were invalid because his consecrator, Bishop Felix of Aptunga, was a *traditor*, that is, one who during the Diocletian persecution had given up copies of the sacred Scriptures to the persecutors. Accordingly the in-

¹ *The Work of St. Optatus against the Donatists*. Translated into English, with notes. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. London: Longmans. Pp. xxxi. 438. Price, 12s. net. 1917.

triguers set up one Majorinus as an opposition bishop, who in turn was succeeded by Donatus the Great who gave his name to the schism, and he by Parmenianus to whom the treatise of Optatus was in form addressed. Several inquiries were made into the charges brought against Cæcilianus, as by Pope Miltiades in a Roman Synod in 313, by the Emperor Constantine himself in 316, and finally by the Council of Arles in 347. These inquiries by the authority of Church and State had resulted in the decision that Felix of Aptunga had not been a *traditor*, and that even if he had been that would not have invalidated his ordinations. But the Donatists in Africa had gradually acquired strength, and had for long the majority of the African Christians on their side, which enabled them to protract the schism for over a century; so that it did not die out till the time of St. Augustine, indeed till the irruption of the Vandals devastated the whole African Church. It received, also, a new but not enduring lease of life in the days of St. Gregory the Great, that is, in the end of the sixth century. Its two principal opponents were St. Optatus and St. Augustine, but of these St. Augustine did not begin to write till the end of the fifth century, whereas Optatus brought out the original edition of his treatise between 372 and 375, and besides had lived in the regions principally affected since his childhood, so that he must have been familiar with its phases almost from its first origins. And St. Augustine, as one might have expected, relies much on this earlier writer for his facts and also for his arguments, which he rather expands than reconstructs.

The most interesting part of the treatise of Optatus is in the second of his seven books, where he touches on the five *dotes* or endowments of the true Church. Of these the first is the *Cathedra*, the second *Angelus* or Bishop, the third *Spiritus*, etc.—the *Cathedra* being the see in communion with which it is necessary for a Catholic to be, and the law for the *Angelus* being that he must be in communion with the *Cathedra* (*Cathedra trahit ad se angelum*). These terms, which are somewhat fanciful, had first been laid down by his opponent Parmenianus, whose book he is refuting. The issue between the Catholics of Africa and the Donatists was as to which is the true Church, for the Donatists were schismatics not heretics, at all events in their original stage. Optatus attacks the Donatists first of all on the ground that the true Church must be Catholic, that is, spread through-

out the world, whereas the Donatists were confined to Africa. Then he urges that by his rival's admission the true Church must have the *cathedra* on its side, and in proof that the Catholics of Africa have it, but the Donatists have it not, "You cannot deny," he says, "that you *do* know that upon Peter first in the City of Rome was bestowed the episcopal *cathedra* on which sat Peter, the head of all the apostles, that in this one *cathedra* unity should be preserved by all, lest the other apostles might claim, each for himself, separate *cathedræ*, so that he who should set up a second *cathedra* against the unique *cathedra* would already be a schismatic and a sinner." Then he proceeds to enumerate the succession of Popes down to his own day, that is (in his second edition) down to Siricius, "who to-day is our colleague, with whom the whole world through the intercourse of letters of peace agrees with us in one bond of communion." Then turning to Parmenianus he challenges him, "Now do you show the origin of your *cathedra*," and anticipating his answer, for the Donatists admitting the principle of the one *cathedra* had sought to establish a Roman succession of their own, of which Macrobius was at that time their representative, he asks where does he sit in the City of Rome, "Will he be able to say on Peter's *cathedra*? I doubt whether he has ever set eyes upon it"; and he traces back this grotesque caricature of the widely-known Petrine succession to one Victor of Galba, "whom some time ago your people sent from Africa to a few wanderers." The reader can judge how important is an argument of this kind, identical as it is with what we are wont to urge nowadays, but coming from a Father of so early a date.

Father Vassall-Phillips presses this argument very effectively in its application to the present Anglican position, as he does one or two other points which the text of Optatus yields.

Nor does the *Church Times* when reviewing him, quite in its own style, venture to join issue with him in this respect, but prefers rather to draw off attention from it by lapsing into an explosion of that controversial vulgarity which it has inherited as a species of original sin from the late Dr. Littledale. Commenting on a passage where Optatus asks Parmenianus "where is your authority for scraping the heads of priests, when there are so many examples to the contrary, showing that this may not be done?"

Father Vassall-Phillips takes this to refer to a practice of the Donatists of scraping (ceremoniously) the oil from the head of the prelates whom they charged with "tradition." At which comment the *Church Times* critic makes merry, and claims it as an illustration of Father Vassall-Phillips' incompetence "for the task he has so rashly undertaken," the critic himself instructing him that the practice referred to was merely that of shaving the hair off the head as a sign of penance. But, so far as the text of Optatus goes, Father Vassall-Phillips shows more exegetical judgment than his hoity-toity critic, who fails to take account of the context which indicates that the offence charged was of attempting to remove by shaving, not hair but oil. At the same time though, so far as the text of this passage is an indication, it might seem to justify Father Vassall-Phillips in his inference that the custom of anointing in the consecration of bishops, not to speak of simple priests, had already been introduced in Africa, the extraneous evidence to the contrary is so overwhelming that we cannot think this passage can be pressed to that extent.

2—LORETO AND THE HOLY HOUSE¹

ON more than one occasion during the ten years which have elapsed since the appearance of Canon Chevalier's *Notre Dame de Lorette*, *THE MONTH*, in common with the late Mr. Edmund Bishop in *The Tablet* and with a large number of foreign Catholic reviewers of high standing, has expressed an opinion adverse to the authenticity of the Loreto tradition. Father G. E. Phillips will therefore, we are sure, acquit us of any personal feeling in the matter if we say that his, on the whole temperate, demurrer against Canon Chevalier's verdict has failed to win our adhesion. Despite the long array of critics who have done their best—or their worst—to upset the Canon's conclusions, the foundations of his argument remain unshaken. No new facts of material importance have been adduced. Even though we accepted all that is alleged regarding the fresco of Gubbio by Eschbach and others, the sole conclusion which could be drawn would be that this folk-tale of the miraculous flight of the Santa Casa through the air was in circulation a century earlier than Chevalier has

¹ By the Rev. G. E. Phillips. London: Washbourne. Pp. xi. 193. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1917.

contended. There is nothing in the world to suggest that the little building thus up-borne by angelic hands was identical with the Holy House of Nazareth. As has been pointed out in these pages, the earliest written testimony preserved to us, that of William Wey (c. 1458), Fellow of Eton College, describes the Santa Casa as "a chapel of Blessed Mary which was of old built by St. Helen in the Holy Land." Moreover, the reproduction of the Gubbio fresco which Father Phillips borrows from Eschbach and inserts as the frontispiece of his little book is not, as the casual reader will suppose, a photograph, but to a large extent a work of the imagination, that is to say details are there drawn in clear outline which the keenest vision fails to detect on the original plaster surface. But the point on which we feel least disposed to agree with Father Phillips is in his treatment of the Papal testimony. When it is objected that in 1464 all that Pope Paul II. had to say on the subject was that "the church (of Loreto) was miraculously founded," and "the *image* of the Blessed Virgin was brought there by Angels," he replies that Pope Paul's words would necessarily be more restrained than those of his successors, "who spoke after fuller investigations had been made." Now nothing is more astounding than the fact that in the Bull of Julius II. (1507), written after all the so-called researches of Teramano had been completed, the *Santa Casa* is not only stated to have been the spot where the Blessed Virgin was conceived, where she was brought up, where she was greeted by the Angel and suckled her Child, where she died and was assumed into Heaven, where the Apostles consecrated the first church in her honour, and where the first Mass was said, but it is also declared that it was brought from *Bethlehem* to Fiume and Loreto. Granting even that the mention of Bethlehem is a mere blunder and that some of the other phrases in the description are clumsily worded, surely the very existence of such oversights proves that the later utterances of the Holy See in this connection were not more carefully watched over than the early ones. All the evidence proves the contrary that once a legend has been incorporated in a Papal document, the usual tendency is to abide by the *fait accompli* and to accept without further discussion or even to amplify what has previously been stated.

3—DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE¹

THIS important work by the Rev. Dr. Ryan has for subtitle *The Right and Wrong of our Present Distribution of Wealth*—and this gives a clearer description of its subject. Distributive Justice, in Dr. Ryan's sense, is the one need of this fallen world: strife, social and international, is the result of the lack of it. There is nothing a man desires more than what he thinks his rights; there is no more potent cause of unrest than unfulfilled desire. A Federal Commission on Industrial Relations in the States recently declared by a majority that the first cause of industrial unrest is "the unjust distribution of wealth and income." Not to get one's due is naturally disturbing; to see other men get it adds to the disquiet. Under that double goad industry is everywhere writhing. Socialism calling for the abolition of the whole system from the foundation is one result: Christian Social Reform aiming at a rectification of present abuses is another. Dr. Ryan's book will do much to further the latter and retard the former movement. For the author, as he proceeds step by step to justify the traditional arrangement, has to meet the various pretensions made by Socialism to better it, so that his work is polemic as well as constructive.

Justice depends on the heart and conscience and Dr. Ryan is well aware that no change of machinery will avail unless there is an interior change as well. Justice—"that constant will to give each one his due" as Ulpian defines it, must rule the conscience of both employer and employed, or else the most perfect system of distribution will go awry. It is therefore for the instruction of conscience that Dr. Ryan labours, with a soundness and clearness and moderation of statement that adds much to his persuasiveness. Taking the four classes which share in the products of work—landowners, capitalists, business men and labourers—he discusses the moral position of each class separately, justifying its functions and yet setting forth the very definite limits within which they must operate. As may be imagined, many burning questions—the morality of landowning, of interest, of profits, of the wages system—enter into consideration. Friends and foes alike will be impressed by Dr. Ryan's

¹ By John A. Ryan, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Pp. 442. Price, \$ 1.50.

masterly grasp of views, and appreciation of their bearings. Since Devas' *Political Economy* first appeared to shed the light of Catholic principles on a science which had become a tissue of soulless abstractions issuing in legalized immorality, no more useful or important book on Political Economy has been issued in English. We trust it will be widely read and studied by all interested in the reconstruction of society after the war.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

LAST month we commented on the alarming depopulation of France, due not to her enemies but to the shortsighted self-indulgence of her own children. We were far from insinuating that this is peculiar to our Ally: rather we pointed out that the same causes are operating amongst all non-Catholic peoples, with the direst results in that nation whose need of children is sorest. The best French thinkers are eloquent on the same theme, notably the eminent Dominican, Père M. S. Gillet, whose lectures at the Catholic Institute of Paris have been republished under the title *L'Eglise et la Famille: Population, Dépopulation, Repopulation* (Desclée et Cie: 4.00 fr.). When a calm statistician like M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu can assure his countrymen as he did a year before the war, that at the present rate of decrease five or six generations hence no French folk will be left in France—to be accurate, “en l'an 2112, il ne resterait quasi plus en France de Français d'origine”—Père Gillet thinks it time that patriotism should come to the rescue of religion and restore in that favoured land the cult of the family, now if ever when the scythe of war is mowing down so many of her young and brave. The first part of his book treats of the Catholic sociological view of the position and functions of the family in the State, and especially of the qualities of Christian marriage. The second part is a sombre resumé of the causes, moral, social, religious and educational, of birth-decline in France. The third part is devoted to a vigorous statement of the Christian remedy—“il suffit de dire à des chrétiens: accomplissez moralement vos devoirs d'époux, et vous accomplirez du même coup vos devoirs sociaux.” Make good Catholics of the coming generations and Catholicism will again save France.

In this connection, though the book is not cast in theological form, we must mention Father Bernard Vaughan's recent volume, *The Menace of the Empty Cradle: where it is, why it is, and what is its cause* (C. Arthur Pearson: 1s. net). Here we have set forth with all the arts of the orator and all the science of the moralist the state of this question as it affects Great Britain. It is a striking and melancholy picture, not the least saddening part of it being the revelation of the social conditions—overwork, bad housing, low wages, &c.—that form the excuse of many of the poor for volitional restriction, and the disclosure that social ideals amongst the well-to-do are incompatible with large families. For the magazine article which forms the first moiety of the book brought its author an immense

deal of correspondence from people of every condition of life. Extracts from this Father Vaughan publishes with brief comments, but the letters tell their own tale of the disordered state of English society, and the need there is of a thorough reconstruction both of material conditions and mental outlook, if this nation is to regain or attain moral health. We notice with satisfaction that Father Vaughan in his Preface pillories the Dean of St. Paul's, a eugenist writer whose position gives additional power for evil to his un-Christian views on birth restriction.

HOMILETIC.

The late Mgr. Benson was, as we all know, a careful and eloquent preacher. What great degree of thought and preparation lay behind the flow of his eloquence is evident in the *Sermon Notes* (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net), edited by Father Martindale. This volume is further labelled: "First Series: Anglican," and the notes are arranged to follow the course of the Ecclesiastical Year. That there is little specifically "Anglican" about these *schemata* is shown by the fewness of the warnings the Editor has had to give (in footnotes) regarding statements not in harmony with Catholic teaching. Priests will find this volume especially stimulating, but all who cherish the memory of the late Monsignor will read it with interest.

APOLOGETIC.

The reader of Father Prakasar's *Philosophical Saivism* (St. Joseph's Press, Jaffna: 1s.) will learn a great deal about the varieties of religious systems in India, ranging from a pure philosophical theism to the most debased and degrading idolatry, and so appreciate against what prepossessions the true religion has to make head. Father Prakasar in his learned and exhaustive work takes occasion to emphasize the elements of truth in the midst of all this corruption, and to point out how they are completely realized in Christianity.

Akin in spirit to the late Miss Baker's *A Modern Pilgrim's Progress*, and sharing in the lucidity of that distinguished work, is Miss A. M. Sholl's witness to the faith that has become hers, in *The Ancient Journey* (Longmans: 4s. 6d. net). She reflects profoundly upon the incidents of her travel, the scenery, so to speak, of the land to which it has led, and gladly proclaims what she has found, saying "Come and See" to other travellers not yet in the true way. This is not cut-and-dried apologetic, but an able presentment of the faith and practice of the Church assimilated in maturity by a keen and cultured mind.

The way from the philosophy of Kant to the tenets of Modernism is neither long nor intricate, and M. l'Abbé Van Loo in *Kantisme et Modernisme* (Téqui: 2.50 fr.) has little difficulty in showing the connection between the two. It is well that the false philosophy, which is at the root of Germany's break with the Christian tradition in mind and conduct, should be exposed and denounced on all sides. The brutal egotism which denies man's social character and the brotherhood of the race must be stamped out if the world is to have peace. And it has needed stamping out in countries which are not Germany and in creeds which are not Lutheran. The Abbé has a lively and clear style, and is quite up to date in his reading and his methods.

DEVOTIONAL.

There is much that is suggestive in Bishop Fiske's *Back to Christ* (Longmans: 4s. 6d. net), an appeal to the Christian world to put its

Christianity into practice. The good Bishop, who is an American Episcopalian, has a clear, penetrative insight into the prevalent religion of "the worldly," and expresses what he sees with vigour and a certain dry humour. And, as bound in duty and conviction, he looks upon his own small and isolated communion with its dubious origin and eclectic creed as the instrument whereby to win back the lost millions of America to institutional Christianity. He, no doubt, feels sure of his ground, but he only weakens an otherwise excellent book by the inclusion of a singularly feeble and illogical final chapter of polemics.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

In *Le Bienheureux Louis-Marie Grignion de Montfort et ses familles religieuses* (Téqui : 5.00 fr.) Mgr. Laveille, Vicar-General of Meaux, has abridged and otherwise popularized his large and definitive life of the Blessed published six or seven years ago, adding whatever details his continued researches among the documents have enabled him to find. The result is a sufficiently imposing volume, adorned with numerous illustrations, and dealing exhaustively with all that concerns its subject. The Apostle of Brittany and La Vendée, who was born in 1673, and died in 1716, is singular amongst religious founders in that his main institute, the Company of Mary, did not really take shape and vigour till after his death, although the "Filles de la Sagesse," of which his sister was one of the first members, were instituted early in the eighteenth century. These, with the Brothers of Saint Gabriel, confined to teaching, are the spiritual offspring of this holy man for the extension of whose fame Mgr. Laveille has so successfully laboured.

Pending a fuller discussion of the whole great work on the occasion of the Luther Centenary in the autumn, we wish to inform our readers that the sixth and last volume of Professor Hartmann Grisar's *Life of Luther* (Kegan Paul : 12s. net) has now appeared in English, translated by E. M. Lamond. It is well that this monumental *Life*, impartially and scientifically written, and documented with exceeding liberality, should be in the hands of the educated public when occasion is taken, as it is sure to be, of the quarter-centenary of his defiance of Tetzel to renew the usual apotheosis of the apostate monk. Perhaps in view of the logical consequences of his revolt—the German will-to-power—there may not be such anxiety to parade Luther as a demigod, but it is well to have at hand this unanswerable exposure of the man as he was. By his fruits ye shall know him.

POETRY.

If circulation is any test Mr. John Oxenham is *the* poet of the war. He has already published three books of verse, an aggregate issue of 370,000, and his fourth *The Vision Splendid* (Methuen : 1s. net.) starts off with an edition of 40,000. The poems, whether inspired by the war or on more general themes, are always religious in sentiment. The poet is an uncompromising Christian and his ideals never flag, but sometimes the piety is more obvious than the poetry. In so vast an output, there must needs be much that is commonplace, much indeed that is not poetry but verse ; still a good selection could be made of high truths nobly expressed, and doubtless in time to come when things are seen in a truer perspective Mr. Oxenham will give us one volume of his best, which will be very good indeed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rev. H. F. B. Compston has written an admirable account of a great London charity, **The Magdalen Hospital** (S.P.C.K. : 7s. 6d. net), the first institution of the kind erected in Protestant England devoted to the same holy work as are our own nuns of the Good Shepherd. It was started in 1758 and has lasted uninterruptedly since, doing its beneficent work, first in the City and latterly at Streatham. Its historian, who is also its chaplain, is in every way—knowledge, research, enthusiasm and literary skill—equipped for his task, and the story he tells throws much incidental light on the condition of eighteenth and early nineteenth century English society. We trust that this most useful institution will continue to receive the support which the war in more ways than one makes increasingly necessary.

Mr. Claude Williamson's book of Essays—**Some Aspects of Men and Things** (Stockwell : 3s. net)—would more exactly correspond with its title if another "some" had been inserted therein before "men and things." He carries the essayist's privilege of eclecticism to the verge of excess, and there is no order or gradation of themes in his volume. What makes it easier to read makes it more difficult to criticise. But we can say in general that Mr. Williamson gives evidence of a well-read mind, which is not afraid to grapple with even the most obscure problems. We cannot say that his learning is always thoroughly digested: the essay on "Life Everlasting," for instance, shows the writer somewhat out of his depth, and some of the sentences of its opening paragraph are absolutely unintelligible. His discussion of the career of Father George Tyrrell is misleading in places through lack of knowledge. On simpler subjects he often does not rise above the commonplace, and he is much too fond of those broad and vague generalizations which no one individual experience can justify, and which rouse opposition in a reader conscious of that fact. Although the style of these essays is in general cultivated and clear, yet from time to time one meets with a strange looseness of expression as if the writer did not quite grasp the meaning of his words. The book as a whole sadly needs pruning: the mental food is nutritious enough but frequently poorly cooked and served.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The latest addition to Messrs. Washbourne's neat little "Angelus" series is entitled **Leaves of Gold** (1s. 3d. cloth) and comprises a selection from the Sapiential Books of the Old Testament made by that skilled anthologist, Miss Fiona McKay. The result is, manifestly, the cream or quintessence of wisdom.

As the outcome of a C.S.G. Conference early in the year, a very useful little threepenny pamphlet—**How to help Catholic Soldiers**—has been issued by Father C. Plater, S.J. It contains a valuable list of organizations which have the welfare, moral and material, of the Catholic soldier for object, both at home and abroad, and should be in the possession of all whose work brings them into contact with our gallant defenders in any capacity.

The May 22nd No. of the **Catholic Mind** (America Press : 5 c.) contains two documents of great importance, viz., The Protest of the Mexican Hierarchy against the new Mexican Constitution promulgated by the infamous Carranza in February of this year, and the exhortations issued

by various Catholic Prelates to American Catholics regarding their duty in the war.

Messrs. Washbourne has issued a booklet containing a record of the **Cardinal-Archbishop's Three Visits to the Fleet**.

A lively style, much humour, and literary taste makes Mr. Richard Ellison's account of **The Coalville Catholic Mission** very readable and interesting, even to those who have not the privilege of being Coalville Catholics. The booklet may be obtained from the Parochus, the Rev. J. Degen, at the price of sixpence.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. XV. No. 10.
- THE AUTHORS.
The Spanish Crucifix. By Ymal Oswin. Pp. 24. Price, 9d. net.
"Religion after the War." By M. C. D. Shepherd.
- BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Rome.
Breve Introducción a la Crítica Textual del A.T. Par A. F. Truyols, S.J. Pp. xii. 162. Price, 4.00 l.
1 Sam. 1-15: Crítica Textual. By the same. Pp. vii. 92. Price, 3.00 l.
- CANISIUS PRESS, Friburg.
The Pope as Peacemaker. By Joseph Muller, L.L.D. Pp. 40. Price, 1s.
- CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, London.
How to help Catholic Soldiers. Edited by C. Plater, S.J. Pp. 30. Price, 3d.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
 Various Penny Pamphlets.
- HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE, London.
Calendar of State Papers preserved at the Vatican. Vol. I. Elizabeth, 1558-1571. Edited by J. M. Rigg. Pp. lxiv. 527. Price, 15s.
- HOWARD ASSOCIATION, London.
Crime and its Treatment. Annual Report.
- LETOUZEY ET ANÉ, Paris.
N.S. Jésus-Christ, d'après les Évangiles. By L.-Cl. Fillion. Pp. 465. Price, 3.00 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.
Ordered Liberty. By Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones, M.A. Pp. viii. 147. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
Peace and War. By Rev. Paul B. Bull. Pp. 127. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
Sermon Notes. By Mgr. R. H. Benson. First Series: Anglican. Edited by Rev. C. C. Martindale. Pp. viii. 143. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- PEARSON, LTD., London.
The Menace of the Empty Cradle. By Bernard Vaughan, S.J. Pp. 128. Price, 1s. net.
- PILGRIM PUBLISHING CO., Baraboo, U.S.A.
The Poems of B. J. Durward. 2nd Edit. Pp. xlv. 250.
- T'USEWEI PRINTING PRESS, Shanghai.
Researches into Chinese Superstitions. Vol. III. By Henry Doré, S.J., and M. Kennelly, S.J. Pp. xxviii. 90.
- UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.
Tertullian's Apology. Text edited by J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. Translation by A. South, B.A. Pp. xx. 496. Price, 12s. 6d. net.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas. Part II. First Number. Pp. 569. Price, 6s. net.
Leaves of Gold. Compiled from the Old Testament by Fiona McKay. Price (leather), 2s. 6d., (cloth), 1s. 3d.
The Cardinal-Archbishop's Visits to the Fleet. Pp. 38. Price, 3d.
- WEST, Coalville.
A Short History of the Coalville Catholic Mission. By Richard Ellison. Pp. 62. Price, 6d.
- WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London.
The Organization of Thought. By A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D. Pp. vii. 228. Price, 6s. net.
- ZIONIST FEDERATION (English) London.
Jewish Emancipation: the Contract Myth. By H. Sacher. Pp. 24. Price, 4d.
Achievements and Prospects in Palestine. By S. Tol-kowsky. Pp. 20. Price, 4d.

